

The Spinster

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The Spinster. Roanoke, Va.: Stone Printing & Manufacturing Co., 1913.

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The
SPINSTER
1913

HOLLINS COLLEGE



The Spinster



*Where singleness is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wives*

EDITED BY
The Students of Hollins College
VIRGINIA
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN



Dedication

There are some who are gifted with poetry, some who are gifted wth song and some who write in easy flowing prose; but we have not the gift of song, and even our prose comes haltingly. Try as we will we find it hard to express our love and gratitude to one who has been a true friend, wise counselor and loyal companion. To one who has opened beautiful lands of literature, music and art, to us, who has stood ever ready to help and cheer, to one whom memory holds most dear, we now dedicate this, our Year Book of 1913, to

Bessie R. Peyton





Katherine S. Salton

Ollie Alice Butt Caudy

Margaret Boswell
Anna Muddley

Olema Louise Duntze

Marta E. Watson
Bruce Taylor Martin

Estelle Angier

Ye SPINSTER STAFF



THE SPINSTER STAFF

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Board of Visitors

Mr. LUCIAN H. COCKE
Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. LUCIAN H. COCKE
Roanoke, Va.

Mr. WILLIS COBB HAGAN
Roanoke, Va.

Mr. JOHN HAYWARD
Roanoke, Va.

Miss MARY STUART COCKE
Roanoke, Va.

Mr. HUGH HAGAN
Roanoke, Va.

Mr. FRANCIS COCKE
Roanoke, Va.

Mr. LUCIAN COCKE, JR.
Roanoke, Va.

Miss JANE COCKE
Roanoke, Va.

Miss ROSE HAYWARD
Roanoke, Va.

Roll of Students

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ALDERSON, CORNELIA	Alderson, W. Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; West Virginia Club.		
ALDERSON, GLADYS	Alderson, W. Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; West Virginia Club.		
ALEXANDER, LUCILE	Charleston, Mo.	Waldorf	1
	Φ M; Euzelian; Glee Club; Secretary Missouri Club.		
ALLEY, LOUISE	Muskogee, Okla.	Waldorf	1
	Eueopian; Texas Club.		
ANDREWS, ELIZABETH	Hamilton, Ohio	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian; Yankee Club; Glee Club; Choir.		
ANGIER, ESTELLE	Chicago, Ill.	Main	3
	K Δ; Junior Class; Euzelian; Choir; SPINSTER Staff; President Illinois Club; Librarian Glee Club; President Tramp Club; President Yankee Club; Mohican Team; Chairman Athletic Association; Dramatic Club.		
ASHLEY, MARIE	Valdosta, Ga.	Waldorf	1
	Φ M F; Georgia Club.		
BAKER, NELLIE	Austin, Texas	Main	1
	Texas Club.		
BAKER, ELLEN	Berryville, Va.	Tinnyment	2
	F O II; Virginia Club; Joker; T. S. O.; Cotillion Club; Choir; Glee Club; Striker.		
BAGBY, ELIZABETH	Richmond, Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Δ T B; Capital City Club; Virginia Club.		
BARNES, EDITH	Roanoke, Va.	Main	1
	B Σ O; Euzelian; Virginia Club; J. U. G.		
BARRINGER, EUGENIA	V. P. I., Va.	Waldorf	1
	Δ T B; Eueopian; Virginia Club; Freshman Class.		
BAUGHMAN, ANNE	Parkersburg, W. Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Yankee Club; West Virginia Club.		
BAUER, ETHEL	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
	Capital City Club; Virginia Club.		
BELL, EDNA	Indiana, Pa.	Waldorf	3
	Eueopian; Junior Class; Magazine Staff; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; President Glee Club; President Pennsylvania Club; Choir; Secretary Student Association; Tramp Club; Daring Dodger.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BELL, RUTH	Richmond, Va.		1
	Γ O II; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Capital City Club.		
BENNETT, HELEN	Quitman, Ga.		1
	Φ M F; Euzelian; Georgia Club; Sophomore Class.		
BIBB, KATHLEEN	Louisa, Va.		2
	Eueopian; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Capital City Club; Magazine Staff; T. S. O.; Student Council; Glee Club.		
BLOUNT, ANNIE BELL	Elizabeth City, N. C.		1
	Euzelian; Tar Heel Club; Tramp Club.		
BOND, EDITH	Philadelphia, Pa.		1
	Euzelian; Pennsylvania Club; Yankee Club.		
BORDEN, MARY	Goldsboro, N. C.		2
	K Δ; Secretary and Treasurer Tar Heel Club; Euzelian; T-A-R.; Masker; Choir; Glee Club; Tramp Club; Striker; S. F.; 6+.		
BORDEN, MARGARET	Goldsboro, N. C.		1
	K Δ; Euzelian; Tar Heel Club; Joker; Striker; J. U. G.; M-U-C-K.		
BOSLEY, BEATRICE	Baltimore, Md.		2
	A P; Euzelian; Mohican Team; T. A. R.; Vice-President Freshman Class; Masker; S. H. S.; President Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; Glee Club; Midnight Scholar; Tramp Club; Dramatic Club; Student Council.		
BOSLEY, MARGUERITE	Baltimore, Md.		2
	A P; Eueopian; Mohican Team; Joker; D-R-A-G-O-N; Tramp Club; I. M. P.		
BOSWELL, MARGARET	Chase City, Va.		2
	Φ M F; Euzelian; Virginia Club; S. H. S.; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class; Tramp Club; SPINSTER Staff; Night Hawk; Φ I A A.		
BOWDEN, MARIAN	El Paso, Texas		2
	Φ M; Euzelian; Choir; Texas Club; Sophomore Class.		
BRAY, LUCILE	Wakema, Va.		1
	B Σ O; Capital City Club; Virginia Club; Daring Dodger.		
BREWER, MINNIE	Jackson, Miss.		1
	Φ M F; Mississippi Club; J. U. G.		
BROOKS, LAURA	Wharton, Texas		1
	Texas Club.		
BUCKINGHAM, MARY	Temple, Texas		1
	Φ M; Euzelian; Texas Club; J. U. G.		
BULLITT, JULES	Big Stone Gap, Va.		1
	Σ Σ Σ; Eueopian; Virginia Club; S. H. S.; Daring Dodger; J. U. G.		
BUSBY, NANCY	Memphis, Tenn.		1
	Κ Δ; Eueopian; Mummy; Masker; Tennessee Club; M-U-C-K.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BUTMAN, HILDA.....	University, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ Ο Η; Euepian; Virginia Club; S. H. S.			
BURTON, CARRIE.....	Henderson, N. C.....	Tinnyment.....	3
Β Σ Ο; Euzelian; Tar Heel Club; A-D-A; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.			
BUCKNER, LOUISE.....	Erlanger, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	4
Euzelian; President Kentucky Club; Assistant Librarian; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.			
BUCKNER, ALICE.....	Erlanger, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	4
Α P; Euzelian; Kentucky Club; S. H. S.; Freshman Class.			
BUCHANAN, JOSEPHINE.....	Marion, Va.....	Waldorf.....	4
Δ T B; Euepian; Senior Class; Magazine Staff; Virginia Club.			
CAHOON, KATHERINE.....	Roswell, New Mexico.....	Main.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; Texas Club; Glee Club; Freshman Class.			
CALLAHAN, DOROTHY.....	Decatur, Ala.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Β Σ Ο; Euzelian; Alabama Club; Striker; Freshman Class.			
CAMP, ANNIE.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	3
B Σ O; Euepian; Mohican Team; Joker; Florida Club; Φ I ΑΑ; Midnight Scholar; M-U-C-K.			
CAMP, ELIZABETH.....	White Springs, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	4
Κ Δ; Euepian; President Junior Class; T. S. O.; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; SPINSTER Staff; Florida Club.			
CAMP, RUTH.....	Franklin, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Virginia Club.			
CAMP, WILLIE.....	Franklin, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Virginia Club.			
CARNEY, LUCY.....	Churchland, Va.....	Tinnyment.....	
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Yemassee Team; Joker; Virginia Club; A-D-A; Dramatic Club; S. F.; Striker; Attic Club; 6+.			
CARTER, VIVIAN.....	Fayetteville, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Δ T B; Euepian; President West Virginia Club; T-A-R; Joker; Cotillion Club; Big Four; Glee Club; Tramp Club.			
CASEY, ROSE.....	Mt. Vernon, Ill.....	Tinnyment.....	1
Illinois Club.			
CAVE, NELL.....	Paducah, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Euepian; Kentucky Club; Mummy; Freshman Class; Φ I ΑΑ; Joker; S. H. S.			
CHESTERMAN, VIRGINIA.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Γ Ο Η; Capital City Club; Virginia Club; Joker.			
CHAMBERS, MARTHA.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	2
Φ M; Capital City Club; Virginia Club; A-D-A; Φ I Α A; Masker.			
COCKE, ELIZABETH.....	Brownsville, Texas.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian; Sophomore Class; Texas Club; Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club; Choir.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
COHON, DELIA.....	Stuart's Draft, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Virginia Club.			
COLLINS, SARAH.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Main.....	2
Euepian; Alabama Club.			
COSBY, NELL.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Δ T B; Euzelian; President Alabama Club; Masker; Glee Club; Night Hawk.			
COX, ESTHER.....	Portsmouth, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; Magazine Staff; Virginia Club; Tramp Club; Financial Secretary Euzelian.			
COX, ROSE.....	Independence, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Freshman Class; Glee Club; Virginia Club.			
CRAWFORD, ELSIE.....	East Orange, N. J.....	Waldorf.....	1
A P; Euepian; Yemassee Team; Joker; Yankee Club; I. M. P.; Tramp Club; Glee Club.			
CRUPPER, RUTH.....	Alexandria, Va.....	Waldorf.....	5
Γ Ο Η; Euzelian; Senior Class; D-R-A-G-O-N; Editor-in-Chief Magazine; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Secretary Cotillion Club; Yemassee Team; Assistant Chairman Athletic Association.			
CULROSS, MARY BELLE.....	Williamson, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Secretary Tramp Club.			
CURRY, LOUISE.....	Macon, Ga.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Georgia Club; Euepian; Φ I Α A; J. U. G.			
DANIELS, MARY CLEVES.....	Goldsboro, N. C.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Κ Δ; Euzelian; President Tar Heel Club; S. F. Striker; 6+.			
DAVIS, ADELINE.....	University, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
A P; Euepian; President Virginia Club; Secretary and Treasurer Freshman Class; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Big Four; Tramp Club; Masker; T. S. O.			
DAVIS, EUGENIA.....	University, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
A P; Euepian; Virginia Club; S. H. S.; Mummy; Masker.			
DAWSON, EDNA.....	Portsmouth, Ohio.....	Tinnyment.....	2
Β Σ Ο; Euepian; Sophomore Class; Yankee Club.			
DECKER, DOROTHY.....	East Orange, N. J.....	Cottage.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Yankee Club; A-D-A; S. H. S.; Attic Club.			
DEKLE, CORAL.....	Marianna, Fla.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Florida Club.			
DIMON, NELL.....	Columbus, Ga.....	Tinnyment.....	1
Φ M; Georgia Club; Columbus Club; Striker; J. U. G.; S. F.			
DOZIER, DE VERE.....	Canon City, Col.....	Waldorf.....	1
Western Club.			
DUFFY, ESTELLE.....	Haymakertown, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Virginia Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
DUNCAN, ALBERTA	La Grange, Ky.	Main	1
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; Kentucky Club.		
DUNTZE, HELEN	Memphis, Tenn.	Waldorf	4
	A P; Euepian; Vice-President Lee Evening; T-A-R; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; Sophomore Class; SPINSTER Staff; Student Council; Masker; Tennessee Club; Midnight Scholar.		
EARLY, MARY	Monticello, Ky.	Main	1
	Kentucky Club.		
EDWARDS, ELIZABETH	Memphis, Tenn.	Main	1
	K Δ; Euepian; Masker; A-D-A; M-U-C-K; Tennessee Club.		
EULOWS, FREDA	Mason City, Ill.	Main	1
	Illinois Club; Yankee Club.		
EVANS, ELSIE	Eagle Pass, Texas	Main	1
	Euzelian; Yemassee Team; Texas Club.		
FARRELL, MARY	Waco, Texas	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; Texas Club.		
FARRIOR, NELLE	Marianna, Fla.	Waldorf	3
	K Δ; Euepian; Secretary Florida Club; Freshman Class.		
FINLEY, KATHLEEN	Montreat, N. C.	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Freshman Class; Kentucky Club.		
FORD, BERENICE	Kansas City, Mo.	Waldorf	2
	Φ M; Sophomore Class; Joker; Φ I A A; Treasurer Missouri Club.		
FOY, MARY	Eufaula, Ala.	Tinnyment	1
	Φ M; Alabama Club; Euzelian; Striker; Mascot of Columbus Club.		
GAITSKILL, JULIA	Winchester, Ky.	Main	1
	Kentucky Club.		
GARRARD, ISABEL	Columbus, Ga.	Tinnyment	1
	Φ M; Columbus Club; Georgia Club; Striker; J. U. G.		
GARDNER, FANNIE	Greenwood, Miss.	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Mississippi Club.		
GIFFORD, ANNIE	Wharton, Texas	Main	1
	Texas Club.		
GORDON, MARGARET	Columbus, Ga.	Tinnyment	1
	Φ M; Georgia Club; Columbus Club; Striker; J. U. G.; S. F.		
GORMAN, GLADYS	Durham, N. C.	Waldorf	1
	K Δ; Euzelian; Freshman Class; Tar Heel Club.		
HANSON, AGNES	Bristol, Tenn.-Va.	Main	1
	Φ M; Euepian; Virginia Club; M-U-C-K; Tramp Club.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
HARRIS, RUTH	Spartanburg, S. C.	Main	4
	Φ M; Euzelian; President Senior Class; President South Carolina Club; T-A-R; Yemassee Team; Masker; Attic Club.		
HAYMAN, MARY	Berwyn, Pa.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; Pennsylvania Club.		
HEARSEY, MARGUERITE	East Orange, N. J.	Waldorf	3
	Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; President Lee Evening; Junior Class; Dramatic Club; T. S. O.; Yemassee Team; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; Editor-in-Chief Magazine; Night Hawk; Yankee Club.		
HEILMAN, ROSE	Evansville, Ind.	Main	4
	Φ M Γ; Secretary Euzelian; Senior Class; T-A-R; Dramatic Club; A-D-A; Joker; Mummy; Chairman Student Association; Leader of Yemassee Rooters; Vice-President Yankee Club; Glee Club; Tramp Club; Fuzzy-Wuzzy.		
HENDERSON, SHIRLEY	Washington, D. C.	Main	1
	Φ M.		
HERIN, RUTH	Huntsford, Ala.	Main	1
	Euzelian; Alabama Club.		
HISS, ANNA	Baltimore, Md.	Waldorf	1
	A P; Euzelian; Cotillion Club; A-D-A; Joker; Mummy; Mohican Team; Glee Club; Yankee Club; Attic Club.		
HIX, LUCY	Norfolk, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Γ O H; Masker; Virginia Club; S. H. S.		
HOLMES, FLETA	Macon, Ga.	Waldorf	1
	Φ M; Euepian; Georgia Club; J. U. G.		
HOWARD, MARGARET	Mt. Vernon, Ill.	Tinnyment	1
	Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Freshman Class; Illinois Club.		
HOUSMAN, ANNIE	Fincastle, Va.	Main	2
	Euzelian; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; Magazine Staff; Virginia Club; Choir.		
HURST, RUTH	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; Glee Club; Virginia Club; Daring Dodger.		
HUTCHINGS, CAROLINA	Louisville, Ky.	Main	1
	K Δ; Euzelian; Freshman Class; Dramatic Club; Kentucky Club; M-U-C-K; Masker.		
HYSLOP, MAY	Belle Haven, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Virginia Club; Tramp Club.		
IVEY, MARGARET	Knoxville, Tenn.	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Glee Club; Tar Heel Club; Choir.		
JAMISON, GLADYS	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Treasurer Sophomore Class.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
JEFFRIES, RACHEL	Chester, Pa.	Main	1
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; Glee Club; Yankee Club; Pennsylvania Club.		
JENKS, VIRGINIA	Bluefield, W. Va.	Main	1
	Euepian; Freshman Class; West Virginia Club.		
JUDKINS, DOROTHY	Pelham Manor, N. Y.	Waldorf	5
	Γ O II; Euzelian; D-R-A-G-O-N; A-D-A; President Cotillion Club; Glee Club; Choir; Virginia Club; Yemassee Team; T. S. O.; Mummy; Masker; Big Four; Dramatic Club; Night Hawk; Midnight Scholar.		
JUDKINS, KATHERINE	Pelham Manor, N. Y.	Waldorf	1
	Γ O II; Euzelian; Yemassee Team; Cotillion Club; Virginia Club; I. M. P.; Masker; Mummy.		
KEITHLEY, FLORENCE	Houston, Texas	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Texas Club.		
KENT, ELEANOR	University, Va.	Main	1
	A P; Euepian; Freshman Class; Virginia Club.		
KING, MARGARET	Greenwood, Miss.	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Freshman Class; Secretary and Treasurer Mississippi Club.		
KINSEY, GLADYS	New York, N. Y.	Waldorf	1
	Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; Yankee Club; Joker; I. M. P.		
KITCHIN, KATHERINE	Scotland Neck, N. C.	Tinnyment	2
	K Δ; Euzelian; Striker; Joker; 6+.		
LAKE, HETTY	Laurens, S. C.	Tinnyment	4
	B Σ O; Treasurer Euepian; A-D-A; T-A-R; Captain Yemassee Team; Cotillion Club; Vice-President South Carolina Club; Joker; Striker.		
LAYMAN, MARY	Troutville, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Sophomore Class; Glee Club; Virginia Club.		
LEE, MARY	New Jersey	Main	1
	Yankee Club; Tennis Club.		
LEWIN, BESSIE	Staunton, Va.	Tinnyment	2
	Euepian; Virginia Club; Tramp Club.		
LEVY, BESSIE	Atlanta, Ga.	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Georgia Club.		
LONGAN, LOU EVA	Sedalia, Mo.	Waldorf	1
	Δ T B; Euepian; Freshman Class; President Missouri Club.		
LUMMUS, MARIAN	Columbus, Ga.	Tinnyment	1
	Φ M; Georgia Club; Columbus Club; Striker.		
LYON, ELEANOR	Las Cruces, New Mexico	Main	2
	Euepian; Texas Club; Mohican Team; Yankee Club.		
MCLANE, RUTH	Pensacola, Fla.	Waldorf	1
	Florida Club.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MARSHALL, VIRGINIA	Ashland, Va.	Main	1
	B Σ O; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Joker.		
MARTIN, BESSIE	Parkersburg, Va.	Waldorf	3
	K Δ; Euepian; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Assistant Business Manager SPINSTER; Vice-President Junior Class; Glee Club; Tramp Club; Night Hawk; Φ I AA; Secretary West Virginia Club; Night Hawk; Daring Dodger.		
MARTIN, JACQUELINE	Denver, Col.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Western Club; S. H. S.		
MATTHEWS, EMILY	Concord, N. H.	Waldorf	2
	Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; Yankee Club; Choir; Yemassee Team; S. H. S.; Glee Club.		
MAYO, DOROTHY	Blacksburg, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Δ T B; Euepian; Sophomore Class; Virginia Club; T-A-R; Masker; Night Hawk; Glee Club; Choir.		
MIDDLETON, LAURA	Virginia	Main	1
	Virginia Club.		
MILTON, VIRGINIA	Wilmington, N. C.	Main	1
	A P; Euepian; Tar Heel Club; Masker; M-U-C-K.		
MITCHELL, ELINOR	Mt. Carmel, Ill.	Tinnyment	3
	Treasurer Euzelian; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Sophomore Class; Vice-President Illinois Club; Striker; Yankee Club.		
MONROE, BESSIE	Brookneal, Va.	Tinnyment	5
	Γ O II; Euzelian; President Freshman Class; Choir; Glee Club; Virginia Club; Striker; 6+.		
MONTAGUE, JANET	Richmond, Va.	Main	1
	A P; Euepian; Virginia Club; Capital City Club.		
MOORE, ELIZABETH	Berryville, Va.	Waldorf	3
	Γ O II; Euzelian; Mummy; Masker; Dramatic Club; Virginia Club; T. S. O.; Cotillion Club; Freshman Class; Choir; Glee Club; Night Hawk; Midnight Scholar; Big Four.		
MORGAN, BONNIE	New Martinsville, W. Va.	Main	1
	West Virginia Club; Yankee Club.		
MOON, DARNEY	Charlottesville, Fla.	Waldorf	1
	Φ M; Euepian; Virginia Club; Freshman Class.		
MORRIS, EMILY	Dendron, Va.	Main	1
	Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; Virginia Club.		
MOSLEY, ROSA	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club; Capital City Club.		
MUSE, WILLIE	Atlanta, Ga.	Main	4
	Φ M; Euepian; Junior Class; Joker; Business Manager Magazine; A-D-A; Vice-President Georgia Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Dramatic Club; Cotillion Club; Tramp Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Big Four; Captain Mohican Team; Secretary Lee Evening.		
MUCKLEROW, ANNA	San Antonio, Tex.	Tinnyment	5
	Δ T B; Euzelian; SPINSTER Staff; Texas Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Masker; Cotillion Club; Big Four.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
NIX, ALMA	East Rockaway, N. Y.	Waldorf	2
	Δ T B; Euepian; Yankee Club; Freshman Class; S. H. S.		
NURNBERGER, WILHELMINA	Augusta, Ga.	Waldorf	2
	Γ O II; Euzelian; Mummy; President Georgia Club; T-A-R; Tennis Manager; Dramatic Club; Joker; Glee Club; Midnight Scholar; Fuzzy-Wuzzy.		
OLIVER, SARA	Crewe, Va.	Main	2
	Euepian; Virginia Club; Glee Club.		
OMOHUNDRO, JULIA	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Freshman Class; Virginia Club; President Capital City Club; Tramp Club; Night Hawk; Daring Dodger.		
PARK, KATHERINE	Easton, Pa.	Waldorf	1
	Freshman Class; Yankee Club; Pennsylvania Club.		
PATE, JEANETTE	Water Valley, Miss.	Waldorf	2
	Φ M Γ; Euepian; Sophomore Class; President Mississippi Club; Tramp Club.		
PATTERSON, ELEANOR	Boston, Mass.	Waldorf	2
	Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; Yankee Club; T-A-R; Yemassee Team; I-M-P; Mummy; Night Hawk.		
PEPPER, BLANCHE	Winston-Salem, N. C.	Tinnyment	1
	Euepian; Tar Heel Club; Freshman Class.		
PERRYMAN, CORINNE	Norfolk, Va.	Waldorf	1
	B Σ O; Euepian; Virginia Club; Freshman Class; Mohican Team.		
PHILSON, CATHERINE	Johnstown, Pa.	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Pennsylvania Club; Freshman Class; Glee Club; Yankee Club.		
POOLE, MABEL	Sellman, Md.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Tramp Club.		
POLLARD, LILLIAN	Dallas, Texas	Waldorf	1
	K Δ; Euzelian; Dramatic Club; Freshman Class; Texas Club; Joker; M-U-C-K.		
POWELL, FLORINE	Jacksonville, Fla.	Waldorf	2
	K Δ; Euepian; President Florida Club; Φ I AA		
PRATHER, FRANCES	Mt. Airy, N. C.	Tinnyment	1
	Tar Heel Club.		
PRICE, LUCILE	Austin, Texas	Tinnyment	1
	Texas Club.		
QUISENBURY, SARA	Columbus, Mo.	Tinnyment	1
	B Σ O; Euzelian; Choir; Glee Club; Vice-President Missouri Club; Striker.		
REDDEN, JANE	Denton, Md.	Main	1
REEVES, LOUISE	Helena, Ark.	Waldorf	2
	Α P; Euepian; I-M-P.		
REYNOLDS, HELEN	Princeton, W. Va.	Main	2
	Euepian; West Virginia Club.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
RIDDICK, JUDITH	Norfolk, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Γ O II; Euepian; Mummy; President Sophomore Class; Secretary and Treasurer Virginia Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; T. S. O.; Big Four; Masker; Leader Blue Rooters; Treasurer Student Body; Midnight Scholar; Fuzzy-Wuzzy.		
ROBERTSON, MARY	El Paso, Texas	Waldorf	1
	Φ M; Euzelian; Texas Club; Glee Club.		
RODDEY, MARY	Rock Hill, S. C.	Main	1
	Φ M; Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Masker.		
ROSSER, HELEN	Dallas, Texas	Waldorf	2
	B Σ O; Euzelian; Texas Club; Daring Dodger.		
ROTHERT, VIRGINIA	Richmond, Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Capital City Club; Virginia Club.		
RUDD, COURTNEY	Rio Piedras, P. R.	Main	5
	B Σ O; Euzelian; Senior Class; President Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; Glee Club; Magazine Staff.		
RUSBY CONSTANCE	Newark, N. J.	Waldorf	3
	A P; Euepian; Yemassee Team; T-A-R; Masker; T. S. O.; A-D-A; Yankee Club.		
RUSH, VIVIAN	Greenville, Texas	Main	1
	Euepian; Texas Club; Tramp Club.		
RUST, HALLIE	Wharton, Texas	Main	3
	Euzelian; Texas Club.		
RUST, MARGUERITE	Wharton, Texas	Main	3
	Euzelian; Texas Club; Glee Club.		
SAVILLE, KEITH	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Capital City Club; Virginia Club.		
SCALING, GLADYS	Fort Worth, Texas	Waldorf	2
	B Σ O; Euzelian; President Texas Club; Freshman Class; Mohican Team; Glee Club; Daring Dodger.		
SCHMELZ, CATHERINE	Hampton, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Glee Club; J. U. G.; Virginia Club.		
SHIREY, ALICE	Bluefield, W. Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian; Vice-President West Virginia Club; Striker; 6+.		
SHIREY, EMILY	Bluefield, W. Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian; West Virginia Club; Striker; T. S. O.; J. U. G.		
SHUMARD, VIRGINIA	Dallas, Texas	Waldorf	2
	Δ T B; Euzelian; Texas Club; A-D-A; Mummy; Dramatic Club; T. S. O.; Glee Club.		
SHUPP, DOROTHY	Philadelphia, Pa.	Waldorf	3
	Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Magazine Staff; Glee Club; T. S. O.; Pennsylvania Club; Choir; Yankee Club; Cotillion Club; Sophomore Class; Midnight Scholar; Night Hawk.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
SIBERT, IRENE	Harrisonburg, Va.	Main	1
	Euepian; Virginia Club.		
SMITH, ETHELYN	Roanoke, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Virginia Club; Daring Dodger.		
SNEAD, JENNIE	Clifton Forge, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Γ O II; Virginia Club; Euzelian.		
SPARROW, KATHLEEN	Martinsville, Va.	Main	2
	Φ M Γ; Euepian; Sophomore Class; Virginia Club; Φ I Λ Λ		
STANWORTH, ALMA	Norfolk, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club; Freshman Class.		
STEARNES, CONSTANCE	Salem, Va.	Waldorf	3
	Φ M; Euzelian; Junior Class; Virginia Club; Φ I Λ Λ		
STERNBERGER, ROSA	Greensboro, N. C.	Main	1
	Tar Heel Club.		
STRICKLAND, DOROTHY	Roanoke, Va.	Main	3
	Euepian; Virginia Club; Φ I Α Α; Glee Club; Night Hawk.		
STUART, LUCILE	Jacksonville, Fla.	Main	1
	Euepian; Florida Club.		
TAIT, HELEN	Norfolk, Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Α P; Euepian; Virginia Club; Tramp Club.		
TAIT, ELIZABETH	Norfolk, Va.	Tinnyment	1
	Α P; Euepian; Virginia Club; Tramp Club.		
TALLY, HARRIET	New Richmond, Ohio	Tinnyment	2
	Β Σ O; Euzelian; Yankee Club; Striker.		
TAYLOR, CORDELIA	Brazil	Main	1
	Φ M Γ; Euzelian.		
THOMPSON, MYRTLE	Montgomery, Ala.	Main	3
	Alabama Club.		
THOMAS, ETHEL	Crockett Springs, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Virginia Club.		
THOMPSON, RUTH	Orlando, Fla.	Waldorf	3
	K Δ; Florida Club.		
THOMPSON, THEO	Raleigh, N. C.	Waldorf	1
	Tar Heel Club; Glee Club; Choir.		
TUCKER, HENRIETTA	Lexington, Va.	Main	2
	Α P; Euepian; Virginia Club; T. S. O.; Mummy; Mohican Team; S. H. S.		
TURPIN, EUGENIA	Macon, Ga.	Tinnyment	1
	Georgia Club		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
TWITTY, EMILY	Hartsville, S. C.	Main	2
	Euzelian; Treasurer South Carolina Club.		
TYSON, ANNIE	Montgomery, Ala.	Tinnyment	3
	Euzelian; Glee Club; Striker; 6+; Secretary and Treasurer Alabama Club.		
TYSON, MARY	Montgomery, Ala.	Main	3
	Euzelian; Alabama Club.		
TYSON, VIRGINIA	Montgomery, Ala.	Tinnyment	1
	Euzelian; Alabama Club; Striker.		
TERRELL, ELIZABETH	Roanoke, Va.	Cottage	1
	Freshman Class; Virginia Club.		
URL, HESTER	San Diego, Cal.	Waldorf	1
	F O II; President Western Club; Choir; Glee Club; Yankee Club.		
VAUGHAN, LUCILE	Hartsville, S. C.	Main	2
	Euzelian; South Carolina Club.		
VAUGHN, MARTHA	Chicago, Ill.	Main	2
	Euepian; Yankee Club; Tramp Club; Illinois Club.		
WADDELL, TERRY	Meridian, Miss.	Waldorf	1
	Mississippi Club		
WARDLAW, VERNER	Fort Worth, Texas	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; Texas Club; S. H. S.; Daring Dodger.		
WARFIELD, SUSANNAH	Columbus, Ohio	Main	1
	Yankee Club; Freshman Class.		
WAKEFIELD, ANNA L.	Dallas, Texas	Waldorf	2
	K Δ; Euzelian; Vice-President Texas Club; Mohican Team; Cotillion Club; A-D-A; I. M. P.; Joker; Choir; T. S. O.; Midnight Scholar; M-U-C-K.		
WATKINS, KATHLEEN	Troutville, Va.	Waldorf	1
	Virginia Club; Euzelian; Freshman Class.		
WATKINS, MELLE	Minden, La.	Main	4
	Euzelian; Junior Class; Magazine Staff.		
WATKINS, RUTH	Minden, La.	Waldorf	2
WATTS, KATHERINE	Big Island, Va.	Main	4
	Φ M; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Joker; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Senior Class.		
WATSON, MARTHA	Johnston, S. C.	Waldorf	3
	Business Manager SPINSTER; Euzelian; South Carolina Club; Junior Class; Daring Dodger.		
WEBER, MILDRED	Mt. Vernon, Ill.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Illinois Club; Choir.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
WELTY, BARBARA.....	Greensburg, Pa.....	Main.....	1
	Σ Σ Σ; Pennsylvania Club; Euepian; Freshman Class; Glee Club; Choir; Yankee Club.		
WELTON, BUENA V.....	Portsmouth, Va.....	Main.....	2
	Euzelian; Virginia Club.		
WETMORE, MARY LEE.....	Chicago, Ill.....	Waldorf.....	2
	Σ Σ Σ; Illinois Club; Euepian; T-A-R; Yankee Club; I-M-P; Night Hawk; Masker; Glee Club; Fuzzy-Wuzzy.		
WHEELWRIGHT, ESTHER.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
	Capital City Club; Virginia Club; Choir.		
WHITAKER, JULIA.....	Columbus, Ga.....	Tinnyment.....	1
	Φ M; Euzelian; Georgia Club; Striker; Columbus Club.		
WHITTIT, ETHEL.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
	B Σ O; Virginia Club; Euzelian; Capital City Club.		
WILSON, ANNA.....	Paris, Ky.....	Main.....	1
	Kentucky Club.		
WITT, DORA.....	Lexington, Va.....	Main.....	1
	Α P; Euepian; Virginia Club.		
WOLFSHEIMER, SARA.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Waldorf.....	1
	Euepian; Georgia Club.		
WRIGHT, BESSIE.....	Union Springs, Ala.....	Main.....	1
	K Δ; Euzelian; Alabama Club; J. U. G.; M-U-C-K.		
WRIGHT, LOUISE.....	Union Springs, Ala.....	Main.....	1
	K Δ; Euepian; Alabama Club; M-U-C-K.		
WRIGHT, FRANCES.....	Rome, Ga.....	Main.....	1
	Georgia Club.		
YERGER, HENRIETTA.....	Jackson, Miss.....	Main.....	2
	Α P; Euzelian; Mississippi Club; Choir; Glee Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Masker; Fuzzy- Wuzzy; Tramp Club; Midnight Scholar; Attic Club.		

Sights and Insights



Miss Matty

The guardian angel of our land,
The head of our loyal faculty,
Who always lends a helping hand,
The dearest to all—Miss Matty.



Dr. Kusian

Who gives us points for all debates?
Who helps us with an essay?
Who tells us how to choose our
mates?
Why, Dr. Kusian, every day.

Uncle Billy

Whether among his flowers or reading Latin odes,
Or at chess in his study, one of
genius' abodes,
In Hollins lore of the past he stands
for all that's dear—
A gentleman of the old school whom
Hollins girls revere.



Miss Betty

A sunny disposition,
A smile for large and small,
Make Miss Betty Dickinson
A favorite with us all.



Mr. Cummings

Although oppressed by many cares,
The SPINSTER finds in him a friend;
And when to him her trouble she bears,
He a helping hand doth lend.



Miss Thalia

From West to East and o'er the sea
We search the woods and haunt
the hills,
To find the best for dear Miss T.,
Where spring shows first by tiny
rills.

Miss Randolph

When Miss Randolph tried to skate
She had troubles of her own.
She fell—not in a lake—
But on the hard, cold stone.



Miss Snead

This colonial figure, light,
An English class doth lead.
With her smile bewitching, bright,
This is Miss Snead.



Miss Mary

Miss Mary had some little strings,
She tied them to the tree;
Up Tinker and down Tinker
One laughs these strings to see;
But when the path is lost by the traveler,
weary,
He finds a little string and blesses Miss
Mary.



Though our faculty is very dignified,
You needn't think they have no
fun.
Here they are bound for a jolly ride,
Till the setting of the sun.



"Sing"

Oh "hurry to your practice"
Is the sound that greets our ears,
And we know that "Sing's" behind
us,
As our weary way she cheers.



Mr. Cocke and Charles

As a teacher of Science behold Mr. Cocke,
And here, too, you see Charles, a "chip off the old
block!"
We cannot help but wonder if this little fellow, too,
Will follow the family traditions, and a Hollins
damsel woo.



Speaking of darlings—this latest case made
Casts Miss Matty and Miss Marian so far
in the shade
That they'll never recover, much to our
sorrow—
But here's three cheers for Miss Snead and
Miss Morrow.



Miss Matty and Miss Marian

Of all the darlings in our land,
The best you here can see;
Where'er Miss Matty chance to
stand,
There Miss Marian is sure to be.



"Tinker Day is the only day I play ragtime"



Mr. and Mrs. Rath

Some come in from the East, and some come in from the West,
But if you're not from Germany you can hardly be called "best."
He was once an emigrant, a Hollins maid was she,
But we find some good Americans are "made in Germany."



Mrs. Rath and Miss Bessie

"Front Royal" and "Germany" may not seem to agree,
But this isn't true, as you can easily see;
For they work together as all people know,
To train up the "little Raths" in the way they should go.



MacFee's Knob is a terrible place,
As you might judge from this brigand's face,
So if you're going there you'd better mind what you're about,
"Cause Mr. Rath'll get you if you don't watch out."

The Song of Class-y Warfare

Should you ask me, whence these verses,
Whence this legend of the classes,
I should answer, I should tell you—
From the corridors and hallways,
From the alcove rooms and attic
Of the building in the West-ward
In the far-off land of Hollins.
I repeat them as I heard them,
Heard them from the dark recesses.

Ye, who sometimes in your rambles
Through a pile of College annuals
Ponder o'er some ancient SPINSTER
Of the year nineteen and thirteen.
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of *Class-y Warfare*.

"Twas the night here called the Founder's,
"Twas a frosty night of winter,
And the hour it was at bedtime,
Was at bedtime in this College.
All the maidens were in slumber(?)
And the teachers just parading.

From her room came Big Chief Gray-Ham,
Dressed for service, armed for squelching,
Dressed in blanket, skirt and night-cap.
On her arm she hung a lantern,
On her arm so long and slender.
She had spectacles enchanted—
When upon her nose she wore them,
At each glance a girl she spotted.
Down the path she glided straightway,
Hung the lantern on a high place
Near the rushing of great waters.
Quiet reigned along the hall-way,
Not a warrior's head appearing,
Not a papoose whined or whimpered.
Yet one alcove room was teeming,
Teeming with the Squaws, the Juniors,
And the Freshmen, their Papooses.
In another alcove wigwam

Rested Sophomore Warriors, waiting;
And one Senior from the closet
Breathed these muttered words, "Be ready:
For the Squaws, and the Papooses,
They have sworn to raise their banner
From the turrets of the West-wing."
But the Warriors and the Old Men,
Old Men wise in ways, the Seniors,
They have counseled much together
How their plans could be defeated.
Rose the old-man from the closet,
Sallied forth the tribes together;
Gathered 'round the attic doorway.
But, alas! They were too tardy,
For the Squaws and their Papooses
Blocked the doorway with their bodies.
Crowding onward came the Warriors—
Surging backward the Papooses—
"Till the light it flared and flickered,
Left the hall in total darkness.

Still the tribes they fought each other,
Fought with grim determination.
Oh! the tortures they did suffer,
Being pulled, and pinched, and sat on!
How the Warriors longed for Moo-Dee,
Warrior Moo-Dee of past battles!
(For that tribe was small in number,
By the others was out-numbered.)
Oh! the war-cry of the Warriors,
And the screams of the Papooses,
Words of warning from the old-man,
From the Squaws deep cries of anguish
Mingled in one wail together;
Till the voice of Big Chief Gray-Ham
Stilled the tumult with a squelching,
To the tune of "Home, Sweet Homeward,"
Drove the frightened crowd before her,
Left one Warrior cut and bleeding
From a battle with Papooses,
And a mix-up with a window.
But—the Squaws were yet undaunted,
Holding firmly to the door-knob

They had *Peg*-ged their colors to it,
Flaring gold and crimson streamers.
After frequent remonstrations
From Chiefs Park-in-Sun and Bar-Bee,
And the promise of Chief Gray-Ham
That the key into the attic
Would be given in the morning
To their tribe at break of daylight,
Squaws and Papooses relinquished
Hold upon the door—and vanished.

Then upon the scene arriving
Came a figure small and skillful
Medicine Man, Muchee Kill-em,
With her pills of ready aspirin.
She bore away the wounded Warrior
To her wigwam Sanitary,
There to wait the fatal issue
Of the Here or the Hereafter.
And the tribes retired in silence,
Slumbered 'neath their downy couches.

Not in slumber rest the Warriors,
They have planned to place *their* banner
Yet upon the sacred turret,
Of the building in the West-ward.
Hissa-Spesh-ul from her sweater
Drew a false key, long and gleaming
Called for volunteers to follow,
Follow her into the attic.
Then the lazy Warrior Kar-Knee
Sprung from off the fuzzy drugget,
Saying she would gladly follow.
In like manner dark-eyed Deck-Cur
Crawled from out beneath the bed-spread,
And the mighty Roaring-Lion,
Rose from up behind the washstand.
These four braves the stairs ascended,
And their footsteps in the darkness
Echoed in the empty attic,
As they climbed the ladder higher,
Higher, higher to the turret!
When the morning light was breaking
Squaws and Papooses awakened,

And with hearts of expectation
Boldly mounted to the attic;
For the key had been supplied them,
Given them by Big Chief Gray-Ham.
As they climbed the highest ladder
Alas! their hearts they sank within them,
For, lo! upon the morning gleaming
The Warriors' banner flaunted, streaming,
With its mystic symbols bearing

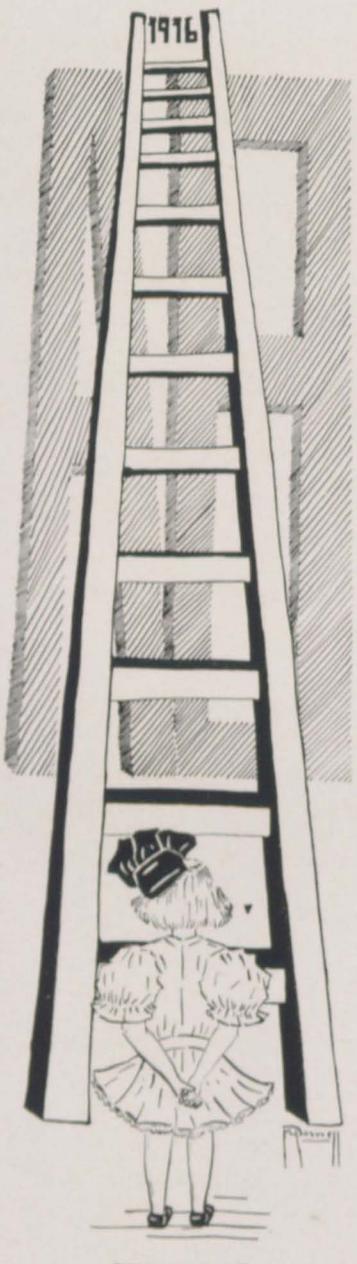
1 9 1 5 to the breezes.

Oh! the anguish and the sorrow,
Oh! the sorrow and the wailing
Of the Squaws and their Papooses,
When they saw their hopes defeated!
Loud they moaned and louder,
Till the Big Chiefs gave their pity
To the poor defeated classes,
Who had dutifully slumbered,
Slumbered with the hopes of glory,
While by tricking and intriguing
Warriors, who did number Thirteen,
Had o'ercome the other's Fifty.
Glory to the one for bravery,
Honor to the Squaws for duty!

And the Big Chief did proclaim it
That the battle days were over,
And that no more tribal conflicts
Should take place on night called "Founder's."
In peace and harmony the classes
Ever more will live and die there
In the far-off land of Hollins.

Though the days of peace are pleasant,
Yet there often comes a feeling,
When the tribes, alive with spirit,
Ache for joys of times historic,
When classes braved the front of battle
Fought for victory and their banner;
Those indeed were days of glory—
Those were days of *Class-y Warfare!*

E. M. BARRINGER,
"K. C." Bibb.



FRESHMAN

Flower

Daisy

Colors

Garnet and Gold

Motto

Per Aspera ad Astra

Officers

BESSIE MONROE *President*
BEATRICE BOSLEY *Vice-President*
ADELINE DAVIS *Secretary and Treasurer*

Roll

CORNELIA ALDERSON	ALBERTA DUNCAN
GLADYS ALDERSON	NELL FARRIOR
EUGENIA BARRINGER	KATHLEEN FINLEY
Alice Buckner	GLADYS GORMAN
KATHARINE CAHOON	MARGARET GRAVATT
DOROTHY CALLAHAN	MARY HAYMAN
NELLIE CAVE	MARGARET HOWARD
ROSE COX	RUTH HURST
CAROLYN HUTCHINGS	KATHARINE PARK
RACHEL JEFFRIES	BLANCHE PEPPER
VIRGINIA JENKS	CORINNE PERRYMAN
ELEANOR KENT	CATHERINE PHILSON
MARGARET KING	LILLIAN POLLARD
LOU-EVA LONGAN	GLADYS SCALING
SALLY MOON	IRENE SIBERT
ELIZABETH MOORE	ALMA STANWORTH
ALMA NIX	ELIZABETH TERRIL
JULIA OMOHUNDRO	SUSANNAH WARFIELD
BARBARA WELTY	

Honorary Member, Miss Mamie Singleton



FRESHMAN CLASS



SOPHOMORE

Flower

Colors

Motto

Yellow Rose Black and Gold To Create Light

Mascot, Black Cat

Officers

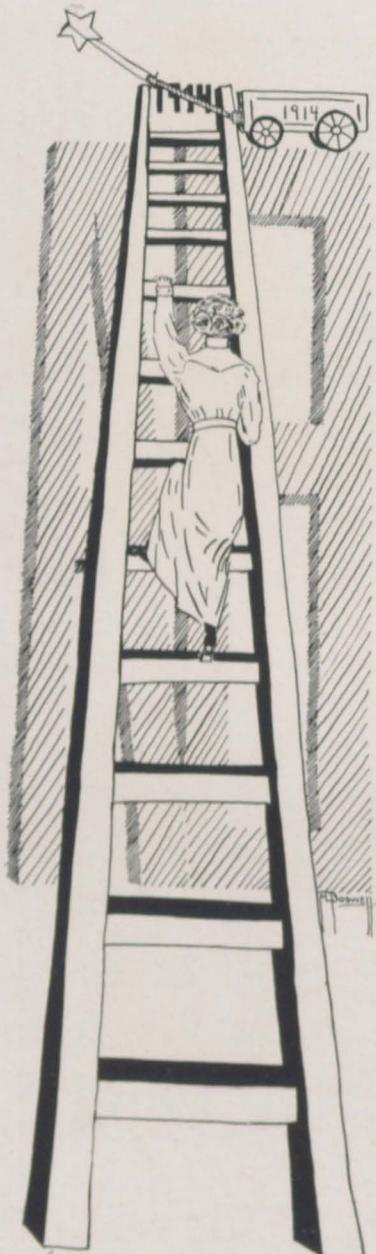
JUDITH RIDDICK	<i>President</i>
ANNIE HOUSMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
DOROTHEA SHUPP	<i>Secretary</i>
GLADYS JAMISON	<i>Treasurer</i>

Foll

HELEN BENNETT	BERENICE FORD
MARIAN BOWDEN	DOROTHY MAYO
HELEN DUNTZE	ELEANOR MITCHELL
EDNA DAWSON	MARY LAYMAN
BESSIE COCKE	JEAN PATE
KATHLEEN SPARROW	



SOPHOMORE CLASS



JUNIOR

Colors

Maroon and White

Flower

Red Carnation

Motto

Ready for All Things

Officers

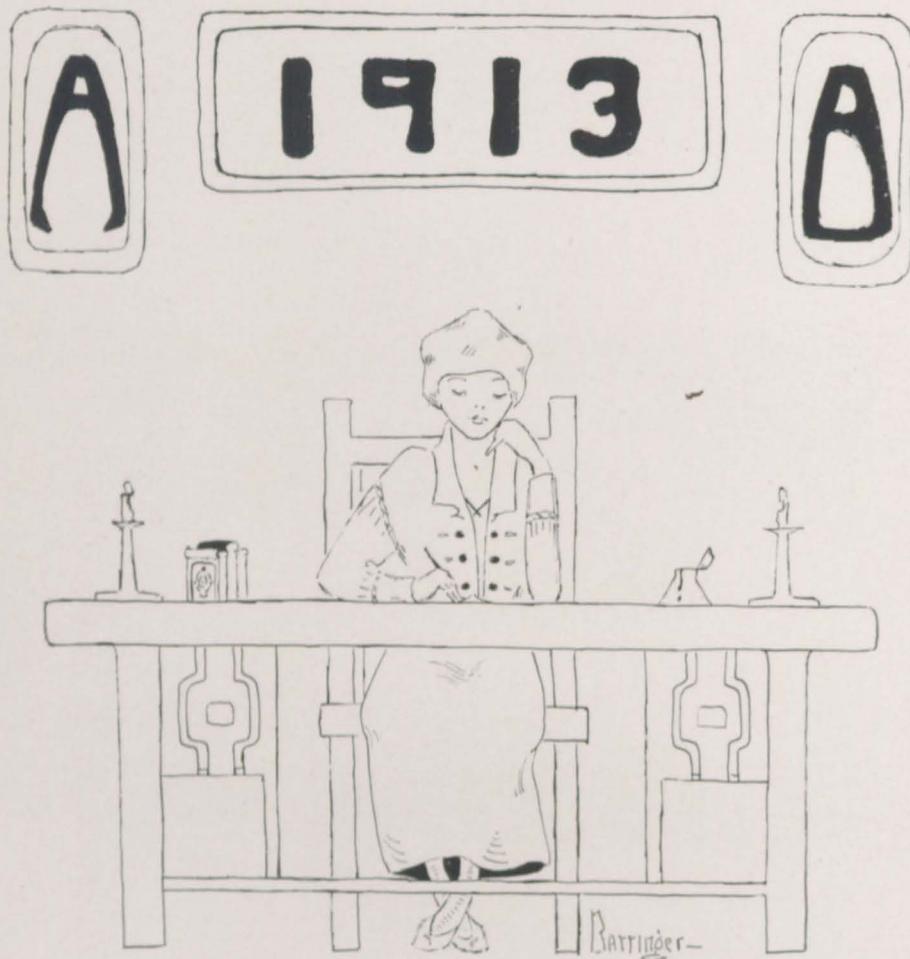
ELIZABETH CAMP	<i>President</i>
BESSIE MARTIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET BOSWELL	<i>Sec.-Treas.</i>

Roll

EDNA BELL	ESTELLE ANGIER
WILLIE MUSE	CONSTANCE STEARNES
MARTHA WATSON	MELLE WATKINS
MARGUERITE HEARSEY	
<i>Sponsor, Miss SNEAD</i>	



JUNIOR CLASS



SENIOR

Class Poem—1913

PROLOGUE

Dreamy the afternoon, Tinker before me,
Slowly the spell wove its sweet charms around me.
I fell a-wondering what might the future bring
To those who had labored throughout the years with me.
Bird songs grew fainter, and visions rose quickly—
Symbol and sign, they came, answering my query.

THE STAR

Deep dark the night falls on desert sands burning;
Slow down its trackless stretch wanderers are struggling,
Searching through black shades the hope of some dawning.
Striking and gripping the hearts of the wanderers,
Spectres of grim despair close in upon them.
Ho! from the west line a great light is streaming,
Etching by magic 'gainst all of the darkness,
Outline on outline of palm trees outstretching,
Watching and marveling, wondering, hastening—
Nor does the ray depart ere they have found the way—
The wanderers come upon peace and contentment.

THE WEST WIND

Murky the day dawned, thickened toward noon-tide,
Voice of sedition was heard in the black'ning air.
Cringing, foreboding, sensing the dangerous,
Brothermen hastened to seek out protection.
No place is peace found, thunders are rolling,
Day wears toward evening, careworn and sultry.
See! from the high mountain, rustling and whirling,
Opening the doors of the house of the setting sun,
Western winds gallop like horses of true knights!
Murky mists, sultriness, crime and sedition
Flee as from lances of white robed horsemen.
Lo! on the streets and the windows of dwellings
Rest the sweet rays of the promiseful eventide.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

"Hail ye! may God be thanked;—see yonder light streaming!"
Hoarse-voiced and brine-swept the seamen's wild chorus
Rang o'er the black mists and the deep rolling sea.

All night the storm had lashed—fury had hurled herself,
Seething and gnashing had left the ship broken.
Onward the tempest crashed, despair over hope had ruled,
Till o'er the deep sea-troughs—surely a prayer answered—
Flashed forth the beacon light, heralding port at last.

SONG

Crowded with seared faces, darkened from deadly toil,
Bend the tired heads of the soul-wearied laborers.
No laughter rings from the lips of the workers,
Hopelessness dwells in the bounds of the dreary walls.
Softly at first, there rose, scarcely was noticed,
Gathering clearness, a song, piercing grim shadows.
Silver, like bells chiming, then like a bird calling,
It lifted the heads of the heart-yearning laborers—
Full-noted, joyous, this song of immortal life.
Sunlight streamed, flowers bloomed, errant breeze fluttered,
Tired lids closed dreamily, worn hands lay motionless.
Softly as when it came, lingering, it passed away.
Laughter rose, voices rang throughout the crowded room,
Hopelessness, weariness fell off as old garments—
The singer, unheedful, went on up the highway.

THE MOUNTAIN

Staunch to thy purpose, whatever betide thee,
Standest thou, rock-crested, noble-browed, strong-hearted.
High rage the northern winds 'gainst thy calm bulwarks;
Tumults arise in restless green vales below,
Doubts haunt and fears stir the hearts of the dwellers there,
Till, looking up to thy crest, they remember
How long since, thou wrapt in hues close to glory,
Storm-whipped and tempest-scarred, yet thou art still serene.
Then strife in vales below cease their mad clamorings,
Morning rays, message-filled, stream from thy summits.

EPILOGUE

Back from the years to come, out of the woven spell,
Came I with wondering heart, till all was clear to me.
Thus might the high-purposed lives of my comrades
Rise in their chosen spheres, teaching men noble things.
And I in the evening glow, Tinker before me,
Whispered a prayer that I, too, might be useful.

ELENE RUTH CRUPPER, '13

Class History

The Little Black Volume

THE TIME: 2013

THE PLACE: Southland University, a Senior room.

THE GIRL: There were two of them, occupants of Senior Hall, Room 13—Senior Thirteen and Senior Fourteen. A discussion was in progress. Senior Thirteen spoke:

"Don't say a word! Thirteen is an unlucky number, it was so a hundred years ago and it always will be!"

Her room-mate did not answer, but went to her desk and drew out a little shabby volume, bound in black, with 1-9-1-3 in gold letters on it.

"What is that?" asked Senior Thirteen.

"This is a copy of the history of the class of a hundred years ago. My great grandmother graduated here that year and this little book has been handed down each generation. Let us see if 1913 was an unlucky date."

Opening the book with a kind of awe, she read:

"First class to graduate under the new and advanced curriculum of Hollins College. I guess they thought that of itself was luck. I wonder if they ever imagined that their Hollins College would become Southland University!"

Senior Thirteen interrupted her: "Go on; I bet they were unlucky some time."

Senior Fourteen turned the pages slowly:

"There were thirteen of them their Freshman year and thirteen their Sophomore year, and look! even that early the girls in that class were chosen to some of the highest posts of honor."

"I told you they were unlucky somewhere," triumphantly exclaimed Senior Thirteen as she pointed to a paragraph lower down on the same page. Both eagerly scanned it. They read how their class dwindled to eight in their Junior year; how every year, so far, they had failed to go up on the cupola of the old West Building; how—but Senior Fourteen was uneasy, so she hastily turned the page.

"It's the Senior year that counts. Let's see how they all came out."

Again they read together, this:

"We were only seven at the beginning of this year, but seven is a number to conjure with and we started out with the determination to make our class the very best in spite of the '13'. For a time all went well, but soon one of our number dropped back into the next class and we were afraid. Then our Senior piano was taken away, and this in truth was a sad affair! However, we six made a new start and determined to make 1913 a lucky year."

"We stood as one; we were all Yemasseees, we were all office-holders, and in matters of school interest we were a unit."

"Founder's Day came and with it the good luck of gaining the cupola of West for our banner. That night we made public our intention of starting an Endowment Fund for our college. Other classes of past years turned to us to bury their records and put up their banners, and we were glad to do it, with all due ceremony. A better piano was given us and this gave us many hours of enjoyment; even though, for lack of a real musician, we could play only certain little songs, laboriously fingered out.

"Our class was a broad-minded one. Of course we had class spirit; no one who ever heard us sing

'Down in dear old Hollins land,
Rackety yack-ty yac.'

would doubt this for a moment. Then our love of fun and independence would assert itself; and we sang, to the tune of *Captain Jinks*:

'I came to school when twenty-one,
Of course I thought it capital fun;
When the faculty came, then off I run—
I wasn't cut out for this college.
When I left home, Oh me! I cried,
Oh me! I cried, Oh me! I cried,
When I left home, Oh me! I cried—
I wasn't cut out for this college.'

Chorus: We're the Senior Class so very bright,
We'll teach you how to fuss and fight;
We'll break the rules and have some fun—
We weren't cut out for this college!'

"Then, again, as we thought of the future we would with one accord sing:

(Tune: *Sweet Genevieve*)
'Oh Senior Class, dear Senior Class,
The years may come, the years may go;
But in our hearts the memory stays
Of Alma Mater's Senior Days.'

"This in turn was quickly followed by the more lively one:

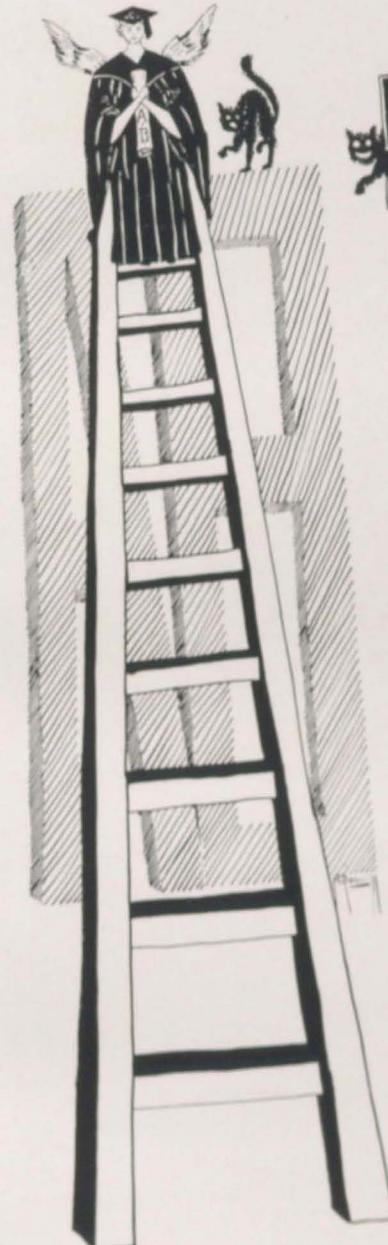
(Tune: *Lindy*)
'Seniors, Seniors, staunch as the hills around,
Seniors, Seniors, loyal and true;
When the sun am a-shinin', an' mah heart am a-pinin',
Meet me, loyal Seniors, back in dear old Hollins land.'

"All of these were characteristic of our Class, but the note of determination and loyalty sounded in our yell of 'Rackety-yac' was what won the day for us and made the Class of 1913 one to be remembered."

For a while neither girl spoke. Finally, Senior Thirteen said, "Only six of them! We'll simply make this the best year in the history of Southland University. It's what we do, not just what happens that makes a year lucky or unlucky."

The little black volume had done its work.

COURTNEY RUDD, *Historian*.



SENIOR

Colors
Black and Gold

Flower
Yellow Rose

Motto
"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"

Mascot, Black Cat

Yell

Rackety yack-ty yac-ty-yac
Rackety yack-ty yac-ty-yac
Rackety-yac—Rackety-yac
Seniors! Rah!

Officers

RUTH HARRIS	President
KATHERINE WATTS	Vice-President
JOSEPHINE BUCHANAN	Secretary-Treasurer
RUTH CRUPPER	Poet
ROSE HEILMAN	Prophet
COURTNEY RUDD	Historian

Honorary Members

MISS ALMA BOYD, MR. J. A. TURNER



RUTH HARRIS . . . Spartanburg, S. C.
In cap and gown so dignified
She fills us all with awe,
Our President is our Senior Pride
And her word is our law.
Yet, because she is so sweet,
To obey her is a treat.



KATHERINE WATTS . . . Big Island, Va.
This SPINSTER stern and grim
Is very wondrous wise,
From Big Island's stir and din
She came as a surprise.
She debates and she can act—
And for "darlings"—it's alas!
yet not alack.



JOSEPHINE BUCHANAN . . . Marion, Va.
"To bed, to bed," said Sleepyhead,
"Down with the triangle trust!"
And ere these words
were scarcely said,
To sleep the child
was hushed.
Breakfast or classes—
it matters not—
Asleep she is in her
little cot.



RUTH CRUPPER . . . Alexandria, Va.
The midnight oil I nightly burn,
As with Virgil I commune;
Yet at each and every turn
If a difficulty loom,
My Pegasus will guide me,
Nor let no ill betide me.



ROSE HEILMAN . . . Evansville, Ind.
Once a Spinster—now a flirt!
Second childhood's fate,
And her feelings will be hurt
Unless Suffrage is her state.
Such is Rose, till her ways
Set us all in a daze.



COURTNEY RUDD . . . Rio Piedras, P. R.
I am the guide of this band
In their straight and narrow way,
And with my helping hand
I'll see they do not stray.
So I doubt not—maybe
They will get their A. B.

Sibyl's Savonarola

I

Sibyl stopped abruptly in her work and looked about her. It was growing dark, and she had not realized that she was straining her eyes trying to put in the last touches to her sketch before she should leave.

She was surprised to see a sacristan moving in and out the huge columns, lighting the swinging lamps with his long, burning taper. The odor of incense from his censer was wafted to her as she sat watching him with fascinated eyes. She loved to see the great dark recesses blossom with lights. While she looked, what had seemed to be an endless forest of gleaming white columns slowly became distinct. She could discern the tall tapers on the high altar, while down the side aisles hung fragrant lights before the smaller altars. As she looked up into the great dome above her she could still make out the beautiful jeweled windows, lighted by the yellow, evening sunlight. The altar boy, in his black robe and white surplice, passing in and out, stopping as he crossed the church to bend the knee before the high altar, was the only moving thing. The tap, tap of his shoes on the tile floor echoed and re-echoed until it became a continuous sound. Sibyl loved this time in the old Spanish cathedral of Toledo, and sat motionless until the last lamp was lighted and the sacristan had disappeared. Slowly she packed away her material, put on her hat and folded her little stool. She tiptoed to the side door, moving softly, for she must not break the solemn hush which seemed always to brood over this big house of worship.

Once outside in the plaza which faced the cathedral she looked at her watch and was surprised to find that it was only half past five. She dropped down on a bench beneath a fragrant *dama de noche* tree. How good it was to feel that after a day's work she really had something to show for it! As she sat there, relaxing, she could hear the cool tinkle of the fountain just beyond, and children's voices in play as they chased each other 'round and 'round the fountain. Presently the play ceased and she overheard one youngster say to another,

"*Mira, el pintor!*"

Looking around she perceived a man coming toward her,—the soft hat, the rolling collar and soft tie proclaiming him an American. He carried a cane in his hand and with it was knocking the stones and leaves in his path. He was coming toward her, his gaze fixed upon the ground. There was something strangely familiar in the way he used his cane, and indeed something reminiscent about the whole figure. He had not noticed her, and would have passed on, but Sibyl had half arisen from her seat and stepped towards him. He looked up quickly, saw her and stopped.

"Sibyl Whitman! Well, this *is* good."

"Why, Jack Kennedy!"

"Well, what are you doing in Toledo?" he asked, emphasizing each word with a characteristic little nod of the head.

"Tell me first what you are doing," she said, "I presume you are known here, for just a few seconds ago I heard one of those children say something about a '*pintor*,' and then you came along."

"Yes," he drawled out, settling himself on the bench beside her. He took off his hat and Sibyl noticed his heavy brown hair. His deep-set eyes had the same expression which had gained for him the name of "Smiley" Kennedy when they were in high school together—eyes which always seemed to have a hint of a smile in them. His face was lean, sharply cut and almost square.

"Yes, they ought to know something of me, for I've been coming here for several years now. That old church," nodding to the cathedral, "seems to call me; I come here to get a touch of the old Spain, with her priests, her churches and her beautiful paintings."

"You feel so, too? I felt it so strongly that I packed up and here I am," she ended gaily.

"It seems to agree with you, Sibyl," he said, not trying to conceal the admiration which had come to his eyes.

Anyone else would have thought so, too; she was not merely pretty, for there was a strength and determination in her face, a straightforwardness about the dark eyes which gave character to her beauty. Her abundant bronze hair was coiled in heavy braids about her head and her skin was as soft and rosy as a child's.

"Am I very much changed? Improved?" she asked quite frankly. "Well, it does suit me exactly; I am enjoying every minute of it."

"What are you doing here?"

"I am painting," she answered.

"Copying the masters?" he questioned.

"No and yes," she replied. "So far as other people know, I am doing what I suppose everyone else does who comes here; but I am trying to paint a picture which shall be my very own; it's a portrayal of character. I am endeavoring to put on canvas my ideas of some famous world characters. I am working at Savonarola at present."

"Yet, you said—," began Kennedy, perplexed to know what she really had meant.

"I came here to see these old paintings you hear so much about. Well, one day when I had lost myself in the corners and turnings of the cathedral I came upon a priest telling his beads. While I watched him I knew that I had found my Savanarola. His features were exactly what I wanted, strong and bold almost to coarseness. I wanted only the features, though, for that man's expression made me shudder—it was so cunning and cruel. When he looked at me with those queer, squinting eyes I was almost afraid; and in broad daylight, too!" She laughed at the thought of such a thing.

"That must have been Father Loyola. He is as cunning and sinister as he looks."

"As I said," continued Sibyl, "I only wanted his features; and it is so hard to get just the features and leave out the expression. You see, when he doesn't know it, I sketch him every chance I get, but when he is where he can see my canvas, why I am doing detail work from Goya's 'Betrayal of Christ'."

Kennedy looked at her for a moment, then said,

"You always had a way of doing what you once set your mind on."

"That's the only way you ever get anything done," she said, with conviction.

"Very true, but there are times when an 'ounce of prevention—'"

"Please don't," she begged. "I can take care later, but I must do this *now*."

"I suppose, then, it would be of no use to ask you to give it up; this picture, I mean?"

"Why," began Sibyl, rather annoyed, "I don't see what you mean. If you mean that I give up finishing my picture just when I

have found a model, you are very much mistaken," she ended, decidedly.

"Now, see here, Sibyl," said Kennedy, the smile going out of his eyes, "I really didn't mean every word of that; but I know this Father Loyola; he is dangerous, and he, too, carries a thing to a mighty clean finish if once he starts it. Go on with your work, but if ever you should want me, whistle and I'll come like I did that day the old drake got after you, don't you remember?" he asked, laughing at the thought.

"Indeed I do," said Sibyl.

Just here the deep-toned cathedral bells struck six, and Sibyl arose.

"Dona Flores will be wondering what has become of me, if I do not hurry; dear soul, she is always so concerned if I am out a minute later than she thinks I ought to be."

"Is it Dona Flores of Alcazar street?" asked Kennedy, as they started across the plaza, "I stayed there one season; it is about the best place in town."

They were silent as they walked along the narrow streets. Each was busy with thoughts which the sight of the other had recalled. Finally they reached the great gateway of the Flores home. While standing in the doorway, Sibyl said:

"I am glad you will be here during the rest of my stay. It has seemed rather lonesome not having anyone with whom I could speak real English. My Spanish is such a medley I don't see how I ever get along; but these people are so polite they always pretend they understand you when they don't, at all. Won't you come in?"

"No, not tonight," responded Kennedy, "I shall see you tomorrow, though, for I, too, have work to do in the cathedral. Good-night—don't forget to whistle," he called back over his shoulder.

That night as she sat before her mirror brushing out her long hair, Sibyl was thinking of Kennedy and their old schooldays:

"Yes, he is the same boy he used to be. What good times we had together! He is up to his old trick of warning people and wanting to be the Lord High Protector——I've gotten along without his protection thus far, and he needn't think he is needed in *that* capacity——How he would make the boys stand around when he used that slow, drawly tone of voice on them!——I like him; he is a good friend."

She blew out her candle and was soon painting dream pictures.

All the next day as she worked in the cathedral she wondered over Kennedy's words about the priest. In the daylight, out in the open, they seemed almost foolish; but as she sat in the half light of the great building she thought maybe he had some ground for his warning. Toward evening she worked feverishly in the waning light. As she worked she wondered vaguely why the lamps were not being lighted; she had forgotten that on Saturdays the great doors were closed early, as there was no evening service.

At last she stopped, simply because she could no longer see. Quickly gathering up her materials she started toward the side entrance. She was startled for a moment when she saw that the doors were closed! At first she was frightened; but soon recovered her composure and, realizing that she was safer in the cathedral than anywhere else, rolled up her long cape and laid down on one of the benches and prepared to make the best of it. She closed her eyes and presently fell asleep, but not for long. Sibyl was soon passing a night of strangeness and terror such as she had never imagined.

II

It was quite early the next morning when a sleepy sacristan slowly opened the ponderous cathedral doors. He had hardly swung them apart when a muffled figure brushed past him and fled across the plaza. The boy stood with open mouth, gazing after the fleeing woman. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but saw nothing, for Sibyl was half way across the park. While he stood so, Father Loyola appeared silently as a phantom.

"Pedro, didst thou see anyone come out of the cathedral?"

"Surely, Father, for she nearly knocked me down."

"Ah"—the priest's voice took on the oily, self-satisfied tone—"Who was it, think you?"

"I could not see the face, but that long cape was like—"

"Like the one of the little *pintora Americana*?" suggested the Father.

"Yes, 'twas the same one," replied the boy.

"Diablo!" muttered the priest to himself as he went about his work of trimming the eternal light which hung before the Virgin. That was all he said, but his eyes spoke volumes to one who could read their expression aright.

Late that afternoon, Jack Kennedy received a slip of paper signed "Sibyl." There were only two lines on it; he read:

"Can't you hear me whistle? I whistled last night."

He stuffed the little paper in his pocket, and reaching for his hat was soon hurrying towards Alcazar street.

"It must be something serious, if she really called for help," thought Kennedy. "She would never send for me or anyone else as long as she could manage things herself. If that scoundrel priest has made trouble he'll need more than the protection of his church to keep me from finding him." Unconsciously he clenched his hands, and his eyes lost their smile.

Shortly he reached Dona Flores' house and lifted the great knocker high. Scurrying feet were heard and the little private door was opened. It was Dona Flores, herself, and the placid lady seemed much excited.

"I wish to speak to the Senorita Whitman, Madama."

"Ah, yes," answered the worthy lady as she led the way through the great stone hall.

"If you only knew, Senor, she never came home at all last night and I sat up waiting and waiting. I put two extra candles before the Virgin and prayed her to keep the dear child safe; and early this morning she came in, so pale and cold, and would not tell me where she had been, not even after I put her to bed and gave her a strong cup of coffee."

They had reached the parlor, a large, cold, stiff room with the heavy chairs ranging the four walls and a little square of carpet in the center of the great stone floor—it made Kennedy shiver as he entered.

"I'll go right now and see if the dear child will see the Senor," she said, bustling hurriedly out. Kennedy remained standing where she had left him.

"Will the Senor have the kindness to follow me?" asked Dona Flores, reappearing in the doorway. Silently he followed and soon found himself in Sibyl's private sitting-room. Kennedy's quick eye detected the little touches which made the room so homelike and quietly beautiful. Sibyl was standing at the window.

"I am so glad you have come; I have been waiting for you," she said when her landlady had closed the door behind her. The

casual tone of her voice belied the dark shadows under her eyes and the pallor of her face.

"I can always tell my troubles better over a cup of tea than at any other time," she laughed, "so you will have to be patient for a few minutes."

The little table was moved up, covered with a snowy cloth, and before long they were both sipping hot, lime-scented tea and eating Spanish wafers.

"Well?" invited Kennedy.

"Last night I got shut up in the cathedral," began Sibyl as if it were an every-day occurrence. "Of course I was rather startled at first, but I scolded myself into some sense and laid down on one of those little benches."

Kennedy waited.

"After a while I got to sleep. It must have been about three or four o'clock in the morning that I was awakened by beautiful music. At first it was only that grand organ, but soon I heard a chorus of women's voices. It was wonderful!"

She stopped to refill their cups, then went on:

"In the midst of this wonderful chorus, someone screamed—the most heart-rending scream I ever heard! The music never stopped, and all the time the music and those awful moans went on together. Then I could hear someone pleading as if begging for life. Oh, it was horrible! horrible! But they wouldn't stop singing. I felt as if I must scream, myself; I tried to get up, but I couldn't—why, it sounded as if they were killing someone and singing over it!" She shuddered as the same horror came over her at the mere telling of it.

"Then little by little the pleading and the groans became fainter, as if getting farther away, but the music still kept on. I thought that pitiful pleading would never stop—" Sibyl put her hands over her ears and closed her eyes.

"I began to pray for the poor human creature in such dire distress. Then the music became only a monotonous Latin chant, and soon that, too, stopped, and I could hear the steps of people going out."

For a minute, neither spoke. At last Kennedy asked,

"When did you get out?"

"As soon as I could think about anything I looked up at the windows, and as I saw it was daylight I went straight to the doors and waited for them to be opened. I pulled my cape closely about my face and as soon as I could squeeze through the doors I brushed past the sacristan. He was so scared he never thought to look and see who it was. I have told no one but you. Was it all a dream?"

"No, Sibyl, it was a cruel reality. You know that adjoining the cathedral proper there is a big abbey just at the back of the building. They say that the Abbess Katherine, or Mother Katherine as they call her, is a cruel, harsh woman. They say she is especially hard on novices, and that if they break any of the numberless abbey laws she is cruel in her discipline. She has held the reins so long that her word is law and I have heard it said that even the priests stand in awe of her. She has the power of life and death over all the inmates, and it is not infrequent to hear of a nun who has disappeared after incurring her displeasure."

"Do the people in Toledo know this?" questioned Sibyl, her eyes blazing. "Surely they don't, or they never would allow it."

"You have not been here as long as I have, Sibyl, or you would never have asked that. The people know it, but they are too afraid of the Church to do anything. When the Abbess wishes to diminish her number she often has her victim entombed in the cathedral."

Sibyl gasped.

"You doubtless heard one of these ceremonies."

Sibyl remained silent for a time, overcome by a sense of horror and of helpless wrath against the perpetrators of such a deed.

"I can't believe that such things occur in this nineteenth century! That is a tale of the Inquisition! Oh, can't we do something?" she asked, throwing out her arms in a gesture of appeal.

Kennedy shook his head.

"It's no use, Sibyl. Others have tried to 'do something' and they, too, have disappeared."

He waited, hoping to detect on her face a look of fear, but he saw only pity and determination in her eyes. He hoped she would volunteer to give up her work now, but as she said nothing he came and stood near her.

"Sibyl," his voice was pleading and softer than she had ever heard it. She looked up quickly.

"Sibyl, won't you give up this painting of yours for the present? You don't know the danger you are in. Someone may have recognized you, and if anything should happen to you—My God!" Kennedy walked abruptly away. All his old love for the girl had returned with redoubled force during these days.

"But, Jack, I told you no one saw me to recognize me and, even if they did, what would they do to me? They wouldn't dare—"

"I tell you, Sibyl," replied Kennedy, taking her hands in his and looking straight into her dark eyes, "these Jesuits dare *anything*. Won't you give it up?" he asked in a low voice. For a minute she hesitated, then shook her head.

"I can't give it up," she whispered. Kennedy dropped her hands and walked to the window. There was no use arguing with Sibyl; the thing for which she had come still held first place with her. He would let her finish her work and then perhaps—at least he was determined that she should never again be left alone in the cathedral. Turning back to where she was standing he said,

"Promise me you will be careful. That you will not work in there after every one has left."

"Well," she answered slowly as if weighing her words, "I promise."

III

The sun was shining on the dewy trees and grass the next morning as Sibyl walked through the little plaza. She entered the cathedral and quickly set to work. Her heart was beating a trifle faster as she remembered her last experiences in this place, but her hands were steady as she wiped out her brushes.

"One more day's work and the hardest part will be over," she said to herself.

She soon forgot everything but the work before her. She must finish it today; only the last touches were needed; just a few lights and shadows which should accentuate the bold features of her subject.

"Well, how are you getting along?" asked Kennedy, coming toward her. He, too, was at work in another part of the cathedral.

This was the third time that morning that he had interrupted her; and she was working against time and becoming somewhat impatient. Besides, she knew well enough why he affected such interest in her work on this particular day—he was "looking after" her.

"Jack, go on back and attend to your own work. Nothing is going to happen to me; besides I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

Sibyl was angry, now, and for a minute she did not care if he knew it.

Kennedy smiled and slowly retraced his steps.

Twelve o'clock came before Sibyl was ready for it. She put in one more stroke and then arose, took up her little lunch-box and went out into the plaza. In the shade of the great trees she ate her simple meal, then hurried back to her work.

Only once did Kennedy come around during the afternoon, but Sibyl was too absorbed to notice him. Satisfied that all was well he quietly withdrew. As the afternoon wore slowly to a close, Sibyl found she could not concentrate on her work; it worried her somewhat, but then she remembered it was the end of a long, hard day. As the afternoon worshipers left one by one, she grew more nervous and restless, and despairing of any more work she began to wipe her brushes and replace her paint-tubes.

Away in his part of the great church, Kennedy, too, was finishing a day's work. He had started toward the side door, but seeing Father Loyola just ahead he stopped in the shadows and waited for the priest to precede him. The priest walked straight down the side aisle to where Sibyl was wiping her brushes. Kennedy softly followed and concealed himself behind one of the great Gothic columns. He could hear the priest and the girl in conversation, but could not distinguish the exact words.

"*Buenas tardes, Señorita,*" said the priest, stopping before Sibyl. The girl glanced up quickly, and for a moment it seemed as if her heart stopped beating; but she returned his greetings, calmly, and went on with her work.

"Thou likest this?" asked the priest, slowly, motioning to the great dome.

"Yes," answered Sibyl, wondering what could be his purpose.

"Thou hast ever seen it at night?" persisted the priest; Sibyl looked at him.

"Thou art a painter, and wouldst think beautiful this building with many lights. Wouldst like it all in darkness, little one?" he whispered, looking at her through narrowed eyes. Sibyl's face grew a shade paler.

"No," she said with increasing uneasiness.

"Dost thou like beautiful music?" he still persisted. "Music, yes, but loud cryings, no; is it not so, my pretty one?"

"I do not know what you mean," she said, uneasily.

"Didst thou enjoy thy night here?" he asked, coming close. Sibyl's fear now changed to anger, that he should attempt to play with her as a cat with a mouse.

"No, I did *not*," she cried. "You did something horrible that night and I—" The priest raised a hand as if to stop her, and at the signal another black-robed figure softly came and stood behind her.

"And what does the Senorita propose to do?" he asked. There was a satiric smile on his lips and his voice was smooth and oily.

"I'll tell your people, and they—" She got no further; for, as she was tightly pinioned from behind, Father Loyola, with a swift movement, stopped her mouth with a handkerchief.

It was the work of a moment, and Kennedy stood staring; but only for a second. With a cry of "You devils!" he was upon them. A strong, quick stroke, and Father Loyola lay sprawling, while the other priest fell backward over a bench which stood close by. Kennedy whipped the cloth from Sibyl's face, and almost carried her out to the plaza.

Coach and horses quickly took them home.

"Dona Flores," spoke Kennedy rapidly, while he helped Sibyl down in the big stone hall, "the Senorita has been badly frightened. Send for a doctor at once and see that she is put to bed."

Turning to Sibyl who was sobbing in the good woman's arms he said,

"Sibyl, I will come when you send for me."

Kennedy waited and hoped for a message through the first part of the night, but finally went to bed, deciding to remain at home the next day in case the word would come.

With the aid of a narcotic, Sibyl rested through the night and was much better by morning. All the events of the previous day were rehearsed and she found herself saying, "What if Jack had not been there?" It gave her a happy feeling to know that he had stayed on her account, even after her rudeness to him. Then in those quiet

moments alone she began to realize that there was after all something more dear to her than even her art. As she thought back over their days of work together she was surprised to find how she had come to depend on him. She thought of her words to him in the cathedral—her face burned when she realized how rude she had been.

Taking a little sheet of notepaper, she wrote:

"Come. How much longer must I keep on whistling?"

Sibyl.

COURTNEY RUDD





THE FACULTY GAME



ATHLETICS



ANGIER



CRUPPER

Athletic Association

M. ESTELLE ANGIER

E. RUTH CRUPPER

WILHELMINA H. NURNBERGER

*Chairman
Assistant Chairman
Tennis Manager*



MUSE, Captain

Captain
MUSE
RIDDICK
BIBB
POLLARD
MARY VAN TURNER

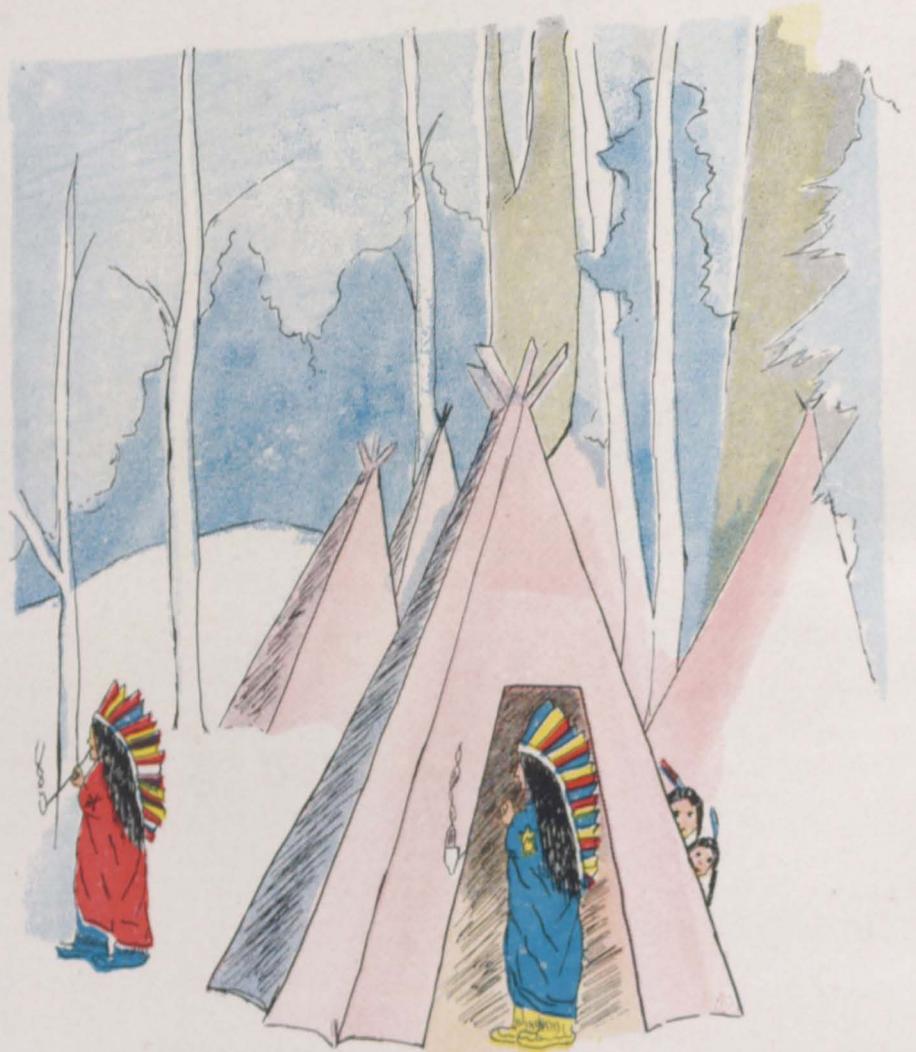
Cheer Leader
Drummer Boy
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MOHICAN TEAM

Forward: ANGIER
Hiss
BOSLEY, B.
BOSLEY, M.
Center: LYONS
CAMP
WAKEFIELD
BAKER
Guard: PERRYMAN
SCALING
MUSE
TUCKER

Captain
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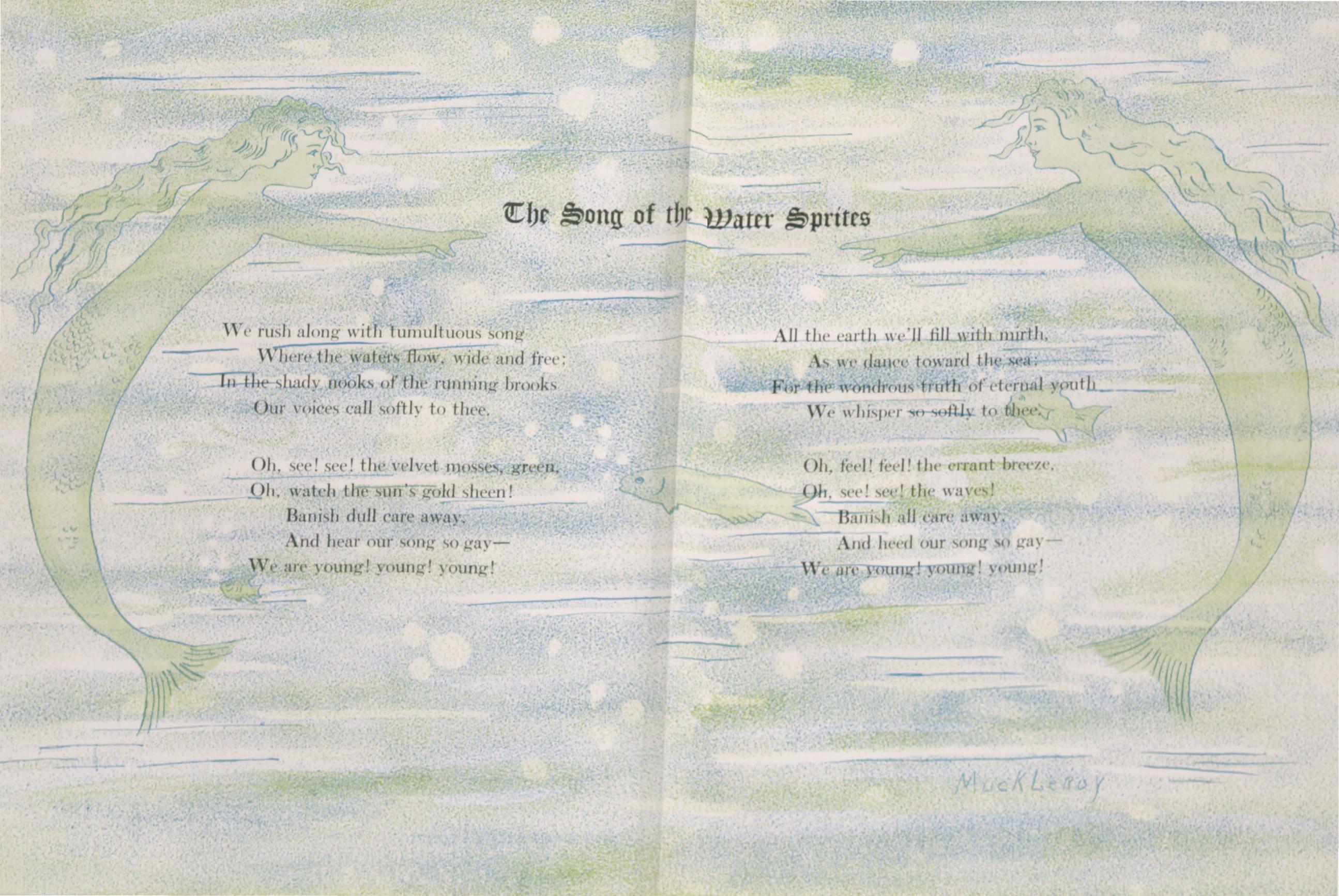


I Guerrant '13





B. Gernard '73



The Song of the Water Sprites

We rush along with tumultuous song
Where the waters flow, wide and free;
In the shady nooks of the running brooks
Our voices call softly to thee.

Oh, see! see! the velvet mosses, green,
Oh, watch the sun's gold sheen!
Banish dull care away,
And hear our song so gay—
We are young! young! young!

All the earth we'll fill with mirth,
As we dance toward the sea;
For the wondrous truth of eternal youth
We whisper so softly to thee.

Oh, feel! feel! the errant breeze,
Oh, see! see! the waves!
Banish all care away,
And heed our song so gay—
We are young! young! young!

MUCKLERAY

Carewe vs. Cross

Characters

TOM JOHNSON } BOB REEVES }	Esteemed members of the Eta Hunk-a Pi Fraternity
ROY SCOTT } SAM COOK }	Esteemed members of the Mu Row Fraternity
DICK CAREWE } PETE CROSS }	Freshmen
ANNE JOHNSON	Co-ed and Tom's sister

Scene: Hampstead College

Time: Now

ACT I.

SCENE: College campus at edge of athletic field. Two men, Johnson and Reeves, Senior and Junior, are leaning on a stone fence at the side, smoking their pipes in deep meditation. Reeves is drawing figures in the grass with his cane. Johnson puffs, angrily, for a few moments, then takes his pipe from his mouth and speaks.

JOHNSON—Have you seen 'em?

REEVES—Seen 'em? Lord, yes! Wasn't I down at the station when the 10:30 train came in? Such a bunch of Freshies—regular rubes, farmers! Not a decent one in the lot! I don't know what old Hampstead is coming to.

JOHNSON—How about those Rivertown boys? There are a couple of fine ones coming up from there that the fellows wrote to us about. Have you heard anything of them?

REEVES—Oh, yes—to our mutual dee-light! They came in last night and the Mu Rows met 'em and just naturally walked off with 'em. Seems we're just up against it—there's nobody even worth a rush.

JOHNSON—Does look pretty bad; but brace up, old man, it's just the second day and folks aren't all here by a long shot.

REEVES—You know, those Rivertown boys are two good ones; especially Dick Carewe. I saw him this morning down at the "Pal" for breakfast. Good looking chap, and a mixer, too.

JOHNSON—How about Cross?

REEVES—I didn't see so much of him. He seemed sort of quiet. He and old Steve went off on a football tangent. Seems he's going out for the team—and you know Steve when he finds a prospective—but I wish we could have a try at Carewe. He's just the sort of man we need now—a jolly good fellow and all that.

JOHNSON—Well, we might make a stab at it;—feel around a bit, you know.

REEVES—Much chance we'll have to come within a mile of 'em! They're out at the Mu Row House now and there they'll stay, I'll bet, till they're matriculated. We might as well kiss 'em goodbye!

JOHNSON—It's just this way, Bob. It's up to us and we can't give up so soon. What do you say to Carewe? I say, just make up our minds to it and go for him. Organize a campaign committee, lay out a plan of action and then act.

REEVES—Aye, aye, sir! Whither thou goest I shall go. Even so! You lead and I follow.

JOHNSON—It seems to me, Bob, that what we want now is just to get hold of him, and when we get him *keep him*. Just sit on the job.

REEVES—Yes,—sounds all right, but how the deuce are you going to get hold of him in the first place?

JOHNSON—Granted,—that's a question. Put on your thinking cap and get to work,—*work*, man!

REEVES—if we could only go to the Mu Row House and kidnap him.

JOHNSON—Kidnap him! Bob, you're a genius,—but not from their house, not quite that.

REEVES—I'd like to know how you're going to manage it! He's never out of their sight, never!

JOHNSON—Do it under their noses. Come up and offer him candy, and do it according to the approved fashion.

REEVES—Do it yourself! (*in disgust.*)

JOHNSON—Listen, Bob, honest, what is his weak spot? Everybody has one. Candy and flowers with the girls, learned discussion for the profs,—but what of Carewe?

REEVES—Sh—here comes Cross with that Mu Row, Scott.

(Enter SCOTT and CROSS in football clothes.)

SCOTT—Howdy?

JOHNSON—Where so fast? Stop and speak to a fellow. Certainly is good to see you again. Hope you had a fine summer.

SCOTT—Thanks, I did. Let me introduce Mr. Cross—Mr. Johnson, Mr. Reeves.

CROSS—Glad to know you. (*Shake hands.*)

JOHNSON—I see you're on your way to practice. Going out for the team?

CROSS—Going out to practice. Can't say so much about the team.

JOHNSON (*Laughs*)—Most all of you Rivertown boys play ball, don't you? We've had some fine men from there. Seems to me I heard of a player from there this year—Carewe—wasn't that his name, Bob? (*Bob nods.*) Wonder if he's coming out to practice today.

CROSS—Carewe? Play football? Can't be Dick Carewe. Dick doesn't even care to watch a game, unless he's with a girl or has a bet on it. Dick's gone out to the dog-kennels at the Hunting Club this afternoon.

JOHNSON—I didn't know you did much hunting around Rivertown; thought you spent your time in bathing suits or canoes,—or escaping from floods.

CROSS—That's about true,—but Carewe is crazy about anything in the shape of a dog, from a cur to an English bull. He's got his pup up here with him.

JOHNSON—I was sure there was a football star from Rivertown due here. Must have been you, Mr. Cross. Guess that was it.

CROSS—You've got the wrong party. (*Whistle sounds across the athletic field.*)

SCOTT—Hurry, Cross. There's the whistle for practice to begin now. See you later, fellows.

CROSS—Goodbye. Glad to have met you.

(CROSS and SCOTT vault the fence and exeunt on a dog trot. JOHNSON hugs REEVES and executes a wild dance about him.)

JOHNSON—Man, it's dogs! dogs!

REEVES—Dogs what? Are you crazy?

JOHNSON—Honest, Bob, what do you wear specs for? Not to see, I know. Do you think I really thought Carewe played ball? Not on your life. What I wanted to know was where he was and all about him. That Cross is an easy mark, dead easy! They can have him, if they want to, but what we want is Carewe. We'll get him, too, if you'll do what I say. We'll make it our business to meet him, and then we'll talk dogs, dogs, dogs. That's his weak point, see?

(REEVES shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders.)

JOHNSON (*continuing undauntedly*)—Do you know anything about dogs, Bob? Then find out, find out. Hasn't the man who keeps the pool room at the "Pal" a Boston bull? Couldn't you borrow him? Take him out to our house for a day or so. Sure you can. You do that and I'll manage Carewe. When we once get him away from those fellows we're safe.

REEVES—I can't say I exactly get your drift, but I'm coming. Look—talk about angels and you'll hear the rustle of their wings. Here comes Carewe now—the one with the gray cap. It's up to you, old man.

JOHNSON—Trust your Uncle Dudley.

(Enter SAM COOK and DICK CAREWE.)

JOHNSON—Well, look who's here! Sure am glad to see you, Sam. Looks good to see one familiar face among so many new ones. I feel like a patriarch, let me tell you. I fear I am on the shelf—nothing doing.

COOK (*surprised by JOHNSON's unusual friendliness and rather on his guard*)—Not so bad as all that, though it is rather strange now. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Reeves, let me introduce Mr. Carewe.

CAREWE—Glad to know you both. (*They all shake hands.*)

JOHNSON—Come out to watch practice, or do you play? Fine game. We need some new material. Good chance for the right man.

CAREWE—Not I. I enjoy it best from the sidelines.

JOHNSON—Same here (*pulls out his watch and looks at it*)—Gee whiz, I must hurry on home. I'm expecting a dog this morning—Boston bull—Smartest dog you ever saw!

CAREWE—Boston? I've got the cutest brindle pup you ever saw.

JOHNSON—Good! We'll have to match 'em up some time.

CAREWE—You bet. Any time you say.

JOHNSON (*suddenly, as if just struck with the thought*)—Say, what are you going to do now? Come on out to the house with me and look him over.

CAREWE—Sure would like to. Just on my way down town with Cook. Say, Sam, would you mind if I went out to see the dog?

REEVES (*at a wink from JOHNSON*)—Sure not. I'm going down street and will keep him from being lonesome. Come on, Sam.

CAREWE—Well, I'll see you later. Goodbye.

JOHNSON (*aside to REEVES*)—Get that dog to the house, somehow, and pretty quick, too. Hear? (*REEVES nods.*) Well, so-long. (*Exeunt CAREWE and JOHNSON.*)

COOK (*sarcastically*)—Don't mind me. Don't think of going down town just on my account. Wouldn't bother you for the world, you know. Besides, I think I'll wait for Scott till practice is over. If you're in a hurry—

REEVES (*relieved*)—Well, I am, rather. If you don't mind. Goodbye, then. (*Exit.*)

COOK—We-ell! They're either darn wise or darn slick or both. As for me—(*He sits on the fence and kicks his heels.*) (*Enter SCOTT.*)

SCOTT—Hello! What's the matter? Where's Carewe?

COOK—Carewe? Matter enough. He's gone with Johnson—to see a dog.

SCOTT—What of it? 'Fraid the dog will bite him?

COOK—Wish I were. No, we're the ones that get bit. I've not known Johnson for three years for nothing. He doesn't offer to chaperon Freshies for his amusement—not he. When we see Carewe again—he'll be a Jo'insonite, through and through. Mark my word.

SCOTT—How did he get hold of him?

COOK—Don't ask me. He just naturally walked off with him right under my nose—and I couldn't stop him. Confound him!

SCOTT—Sh! Here comes Johnson's sister with Pete Cross, too! Wonder where he knew her.

COOK—Oh, but Carewe!

SCOTT—Don't take it so hard, man. He's not the only possibility and, believe me, I think he's too much noise and nothing to back it up. Cross, now, we've got him and he's got the makings of a real man, or I'm mistaken.

(Enter CROSS and ANNE JOHNSON.)

ANNE—Why, Mr. Scott, Mr. Cook. I'm so glad to see you again. You know Mr. Cross? We're old friends, ever since I used to visit in Rivertown a long time ago.

CROSS—As much as three years. I'd say, perfect ages (*laughs*).

ANNE—Have you seen Tom? He telephoned me something, I couldn't quite understand, he was in such a hurry—about Dick Carewe and a dog. What in the world he wants with a dog I can't see. I'm hurrying home now.

COOK—Mayn't I go with you?

CROSS—And I'll be hunting some civilized clothes. Are you coming, Scott? I'll see you soon again, I hope, Miss Johnson. Goodbye!

(*Exeunt SCOTT and CROSS.*)

COOK (*ruefully*)—Did you say Carewe was going to your house?

ANNE—Yes. Isn't that a nice place to go?

COOK—That depends on whom you go to see; but I call this a dog-gone business.

ANNE (*laughs*)—What has the dog to do with it? You never can tell, though, with Tom. You know his way. What he wants he gets and there's always a method in his madness. He'll probably have Carewe matriculated and a pledge before the day is over. That's not very consoling; but it's Tom. I wouldn't look so sad about it, Mr. Cook. He'll get the man he sets out to get every time; but I can't always admire the men he sets out to get (*smiles*). I've known Mr. Carewe before. If you get Pete Cross, you'll win the real prize.

ACT II.

SCENE:—Outside the football grounds. A game is just over. Hampstead is victorious. Yells and wild shouts are heard. A high board fence is in the background. Above it the topmost bleachers may be seen. A machine is drawn up to the curb. Enter several men, throwing caps in the air, shouting, etc. Enter two players.

1ST PLAYER—Say, one of you men, fetch a doctor, can't you?

2D PLAYER—Find a machine! Whose is this? Carewe's? We need it. A man's hurt.

1ST MAN—Hurt? Who?

1ST PLAYER—Cross. Wouldn't squeal till the game was over and he won out. Gamest chap I ever saw. Hurt his knee five minutes before time was up and then made that play with a bum knee.

(Enter ANNE.)

ANNE—Please, was he much hurt? Have you a doctor? How will you take him home? Can't I do something? Where is he?

1ST PLAYER—He's just inside. Insists he'll wait till they can send a doctor.

ANNE—Indeed he'll not. (*Exits.*)

1ST PLAYER—Say, are you deaf? One of you hurry for a doctor. (*Enter CAREWE*) You're just the man we were looking for. This is your machine, isn't it? Well, we want it to take a man home. Cross was hurt in the game.

CAREWE—Cross, was it? I'd like to, fellows, mighty well, but you see I brought a girl this afternoon and I couldn't very well leave her in the lurch. Wait, here she comes. I'll speak to her.

(*Enter ANNE from one side as COOK comes in on the other. Men all crowd around COOK. ANNE goes toward CAREWE.*)

ANNE—I've just been looking for you.

CAREWE—And I for you.

ANNE—Did you know Pete Cross was hurt?

CAREWE—Yes, so I was looking for you—to hurry and take you away from the excitement of it all. This is no place for you. Come, get into the car.

ANNE—But—Pete! You know he must be taken to the hospital first.

CAREWE—That is why we must hurry. I'll go to the nearest place and telephone for an ambulance.

ANNE—An ambulance? Take him in the machine. "Twill be so much quicker.

CAREWE—But you?

ANNE—Oh, Tom will take me home, or Sam—'most anybody. I'll be all right. Do hurry, Dick. I'll get home safely. Don't worry about me.

CAREWE—Home? You're going driving with me, Anne, and to dinner. You haven't forgotten?

ANNE—What does that matter, now?

CAREWE—It matters a lot to me. Besides, the machine would be too jolting, I am afraid.

ANNE—I wonder you ask *me* to ride in it then. (*CAREWE turns towards men*) We'll see who gets jolted.

CAREWE (to SAM COOK)—I'm sorry but I'm afraid I'll have to keep my engagement with Miss Johnson. You see, it was for dinner, too, at the Club. There's no other way to get her there without being deucedly late. She might not understand. Girls are queer about such things, you know. If it was just one of the fellows—but, I tell you what I'll do. I'll go by the hospital, see things are all ready and hurry them up with an ambulance and doctor.

COOK—That's awfully good of you, Dick—awfully good. I'll go tell Cross. He'll appreciate it and so do I. (*Exits and crowd follows.*)

ANNE—So good of you! What do you suppose he thinks of me? "Girls are queer." Indeed they are, and there are some things I most certainly do not understand.

CAREWE—Surely you see how it all was. You're not angry? (*Silence*)—Why don't you say something, Anne?

ANNE—I've nothing to say.

CAREWE—But you *do* see? I couldn't leave you. Why, I've been planning this afternoon for weeks, when I should have you to myself. I couldn't—couldn't see it all broken up like that. Don't you see how it was? Somehow, I staked so much on it—perhaps too much. Yet I felt it was my golden opportunity to—oh, Anne, don't you see?

ANNE—Yes, I see. I see very well, but I'm afraid your opportunity slipped by you, Mr Carewe.

CAREWE—How? But I don't understand.

ANNE—No, you don't, nor do you see. For one of your years and experience your discernment is remarkable. I fear your education is lacking. But come—we may as well go home.

CAREWE—Home? Now? You are going to drive with me and to dinner at the Club? You haven't forgotten the dinner?

ANNE—Dinner? I suppose so. But to drive? No, indeed. It would make us late, I am afraid. Girls are queer, Mr. Carewe. I could not endure to be late to dinner.

CAREWE—There will be such a crowd there now. A fellow likes to be alone once in a while when—

ANNE—Yes, and you're most alone when you're in a crowd. Didn't you know that? We'd best hurry, for I am hungry, terribly hungry. I do hope dinner will be on time.

CAREWE—Just as you say, of course. You know I will do as you say, Anne.

ANNE (*laughing rather mirthlessly*)—Do I? I am afraid your opportunity escaped you, Mr Carewe.

ACT III

SCENE—College campus before the Gymnasium. Student elections are in progress. Men are hurrying in and out of the gymnasium. Enter Anne and Tom Johnson.

ANNE—Tom, tell me, what do you think? You know Cross is the man for the place.

TOM—I've nothing against Cross. He's a good fellow, I guess, but Carewe is my man and we'll put him there, too. I'm for him and old Eta Hunka Pi every time.

ANNE—That's all right. I believe in standing up for your frat. I believe in them, too, Tom, when a man can be bigger than his frat.

TOM—Go 'long, Sis. That's a good sermon, but it's a case of do them before they do you. Help yourself or go smash.

ANNE—Not with Cross.

TOM—Well, maybe not with him, but he's only one man. His bunch aren't any better than ordinary. They're just not organized; they'll lose and squeal and call him a martyr.

ANNE—I think you're unjust. He'd rather lose than win by wire-pulling.

TOM—He'll get his wish, all right. Besides, Carewe is a jolly good fellow. You know he's popular and the fellows will stand by him. Isn't that so? He's as good as most.

ANNE—Yes, as good, but not better. That's the trouble, Tom. You need someone that *is* better to help old Hampstead out of her rut. Cross could do it.

TOM—Sure, he could,—but would he? Wouldn't he be so squeamish, so afraid of soiling his hands, he'd never be able to carry out his ideas if he had them?

ANNE—Do you mean the men wouldn't support him, if they elected him?

TOM—There are mighty few unprejudiced people in this world, little Sis. We can only do our best according to the light of our understanding and not judge the other man too hardly because his lamps aren't trimmed like ours. It's just the way of the world, and this is our world here.

ANNE—That's not fair, though, Tom. Can't a good man have a chance?

TOM—Cross is a good man, but there are other things beside goodness. Sometimes a little less goodness and a little more—well, wire-pulling, will count more in the long run. It's the finish that counts, anyway—and the man that comes under the wire first generally lands the prize, too.

ANNE—I still wish Cross would be president of his class. He does deserve it.

TOM—Here he comes now.

(Enter CROSS)

ANNE—Oh, I am so glad to see you and so excited. How soon will you know about it all?

CROSS—I know all I need to know now, I think. Howdy, Tom.

ANNE—You mean—

CROSS—Carewe is elected. It's not announced yet.

ANNE—Then perhaps it is not so. Oh, I think he's a—a—scheming politician.

CROSS—But it's politics we're playing here.

TOM—Takes a politician to play it, too, eh? Sorry, old chap. I must find Carewe. (Exits)

ANNE—I'm so—so sorry.

CROSS—I am sorry, too—for your sake more than for mine; but let's not talk about it any more.

ANNE—I don't see how you can be so brave about it. You know you deserved it.

CROSS—I'm not so sure of that. I think most generally a man gets just what he deserves and earns. Carewe will be a good president and the boys will stand by him.

ANNE—How can you talk so?

CROSS—Besides, there are other things that count more and I'm the same man today I was yesterday. An honor doesn't change the real man. There are some things—there is something that I've come to think counts a great deal more,—more than anything else, in fact. I'd like to tell you about it some time, if I may. Are you going to the celebration tonight?

ANNE—I had intended to go.

CROSS (*eagerly*)—Then you're not going? May I come? May I?

ANNE (*slowly*)—Yes, you may,—but look! Here comes Mr. Carewe. I'm going.

CROSS—You'll not speak to him?

ANNE—Not now, anyway. Are you coming, too?

CROSS—No, I must see him. Goodbye—till tonight.

(ANNE exits in one direction as CAREWE enters opposite)

CAREWE—Oh, hello, Cross.

CROSS—Howdy, Carewe. What's the news?

CAREWE—You ask me?

CROSS—Yes, why not?

CAREWE—No reason at all, I'm sure. Have you seen Johnson?

CROSS—He left here only a little while ago.

CAREWE—I wonder—do you know where he went? Did he say anything about seeing Reeves and—do you know who counts the votes?

CROSS—You ask me? No, I don't, nor do I care,—so they're counted.

CAREWE—Come on, Cross, don't be so touchy. 'Tis not my fault that I'm against you. Fate decrees it.

CROSS—Perhaps so. Oil and water do not mix.

CAREWE—True! (*forces a laugh*)—and which am I?

CROSS—You? Oh, you're smooth, all right,—but I'm going into gym. We'll be hearing the news soon.

CAREWE—I'll stroll on down to the "Pal." Don't you want to shoot a few games?

CROSS—No, thanks. The real pool for mine.

CAREWE—Come on. There'll be a bunch down there.

CROSS—That's why I don't want to go. Goodbye!

CAREWE—So-long.

(As CROSS leaves, CAREWE bows most elaborately at his retreating figure)—Pious grandmother! (CAREWE shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders in derision.)

Enter a cheering, shouting mob, led by JOHNSON)

Mob—Speech! Speech! Speech!

JOHNSON (*shaking CAREWE's hand*)—Man, you've won, *won*.

Mob—Speech! Speech!

CAREWE—Not now, later. Tonight. (*Aside to JOHNSON*)—Where is Anne?

JOHNSON—Here she comes now.

(*Enter ANNE*)

CAREWE (*to crowd*)—I'll see you tonight, at the celebration, boys. (*Crowd exits, still shouting, and CAREWE turns to ANNE*)—Have you come to congratulate me?

ANNE—I think it is a great honor. Indeed, I do. I only hope you'll be worthy of it.

CAREWE—Possession is nine points of the law and I believe it is possession that generally makes us worthy. Isn't it so, Tom?

TOM—It is, here, anyway. I am proud of you, Dick. I am that proud of you!

CAREWE—Thanks (*aside*)—Is she still for Cross? (*Tom shrugs his shoulders*)—Well, I am glad, anyway, and now I have my job I'll try and hold it down. If you are going now, may I not walk home with you, Anne?

ANNE—I think I will wait for Mr. Cross.

CAREWE—Oh! Well, goodbye.

ANNE—Goodbye. (*He starts to go*)—Wait! (*Carewe comes back to her*)—I don't think I will go to the celebration tonight.

CAREWE—Not go? But you promised, Anne. You'll not miss that,—when I've won out, too.

ANNE—Then you should be satisfied. I have another, more important engagement.

CAREWE—Oh—Cross? (*ANNE nods*)—Then it *is* goodbye. Don't you think you're sort of hard on a fellow, when he's just won out? I guess I thought so just now (*pause*)—Going to the "Pal," Tom? No? Well, so-long. (*Exit CAREWE.*)

TOM—Why did you turn him down so, Anne? When a fellow puts up a good fight and wins, he needs encouragement, not cold water. I'm thinking the worst part of the fight comes afterwards, anyway.

ANNE—Yes, but can't you see, Tom? He doesn't stand for those things Cross does. It's the ideal of it and Cross does stand for that. There must be someone to hold up our ideals.

TOM—Yes, to hold up the ideals, and let the others do the work. Ideals and work don't agree, though, Anne.

ANNE—Then I'm glad he didn't get it. There must always be ideals. What would this world amount to without them? I still hold to my ideals.

TOM—And to your ideal?

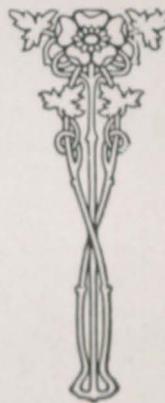
ANNE—Yes, to my ideal.

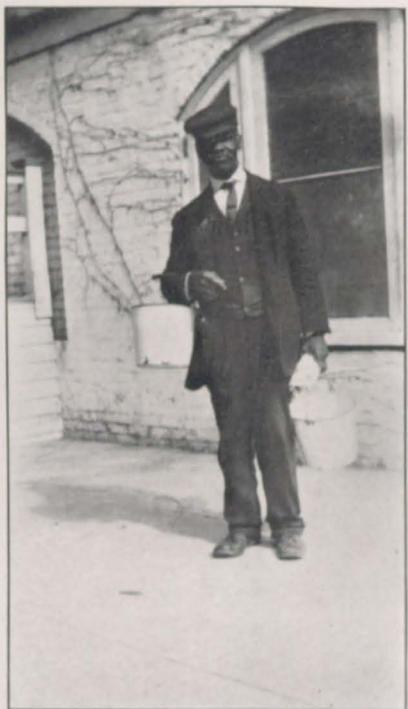
TOM—Well, then, I'll be going, for I'm not an ideal, and I see I'm not even necessary. Here comes Cross (*Exits*).

(*Enter CROSS*)

ANNE—I'm so—so sorry.

CROSS (*taking both her hands in his*)—And I'm so happy.





A DARK PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF HOLLINS





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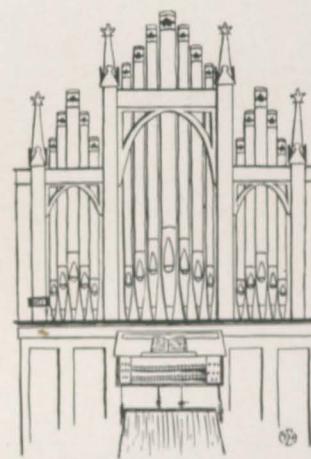
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Guardian Angels of the Tramps







Facultas in Coelo

It is in the far tomorrow lie the scenes of joy and sorrow
Where about my thoughts in fancy from a vision seen now soar.
Genii with power given to show mortals into Heaven,
Let me gaze into that region during minutes forty-four;
And my soul grew faint and weary and my eyes grew very sore—
Angels there and nothing more.

Everything was so amazing, I stood there wondering, gazing,
Until far within the distance I saw angels, 'most a score,
And knew by their rigidity it was the Hollins Faculty;
Amazement brought stupidity, and my laughter ceased its roar;
And I centered all attention on these friends I'd known of yore—
On these friends and nothing more.

There with dignity, sedately, stood an angel tall and stately,
Looks sweet, sad, but disapproving, on her countenance she wore.
Yemasseees she was reprobating, for their bloomers not removing,
And their manners not assuming, as was taught in Hollins lore;
Thus her office still fulfilling as in earthly days before—
Still presiding, nothing more.

And another who never spoke, holding to eyes a telescope,
Perceived the golden diadems and the stars they held galore.
He in terms of science stated, truly, how they scintillated,
And the time that they were fated to send light the heavens o'er;
With their beams to make more golden all the bright celestial
floor—
This he did and little more.

Suddenly heard I the mention, quickly turned I my attention
To our poet, Poe, now aged many and many a score.
Hands to ears he sat, soul feeding, listening to an angel's reading
Of "The Bells" in accents pealing, of "The Bells" a brief encore;
A thousand angels, listening, sat along the heavenly shore—
Listening they and nothing more.

Near I saw one walking proudly and I heard her smile quite loudly
At the slight of hand so cunning, and the jokes told o'er and o'er,
By a very manly angel whose dark hair was closely shingled;
In and out the crowd he mingled, getting off his repertoire;
And the laughing angel giggled—there were none found him a
bore—
Joked he, giggled she—nothing more.

"Here," I heard another chattering, "don't be so vague and scattering,
Even, not in all your schooldays, have you see this tree before.
Photographically line on the tablets of your mind
This is the 'Tree of Life' divine; know it not from knowledge's
store?
Scrutinize it, look more closely, with eyes open look it o'er—
This I ask you, nothing more."

Now the door more widely parted and a spirit, gentle-hearted,
Through the thronging crowd angelic, did her way so mildly bore
"Is it clean 'neath radiator, no tacks in wall, torn up paper?
Can't come in, I'll be back later," came the words I so adore;
That dear old refrain of Hollins that once thrilled me to the core--
Said she that and nothing more.

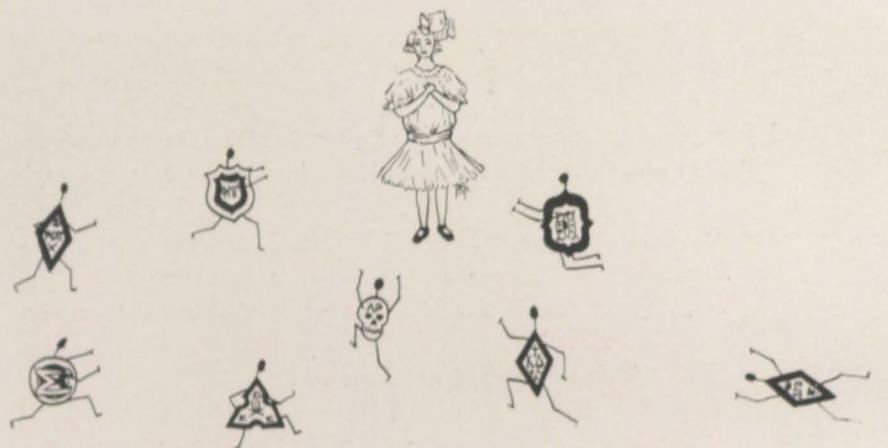
"Where are Caesar and Cicero?" heard I a voice I used to know,
And in answer to the question outspoke Peter, bent and hoar:
"Madam, if you wish to go, you will find them down below,
To serve as torches to and fro; their fame is somewhat lower;
But their light is ever shining, even brighter than before—
Shining still and nothing more."

Quickly with ample dignity strode in another, suddenly,
Rapidly and boldly walked she, straight across the golden floor.
"Peter! Oh, pshaw! A worse mistake could you never, never make.
This is a very foolish break, and you really ought to know;
It is a foolish, foolish break, shows ignorance to the core—
Ignorance and nothing more."

With head poised like a domical, holding to eyes a monocle
And with correctness radiating, came there one unseen before.
"My dear," to an angel she bowed, "you must not sit on that damp
cloud,
Or let me hear you talk so loud, do not do it any more."
To others gave she mansions with a roommate to adore—
These things she did and many more.

My magician came before me. "Now your time is up," soon quoth he,
"That which you have been beholding, keep you well in memory's
store;
For from ages unto ages, neither children, fools nor sages
In unwritten living pages shall this vision see encore;
Yes, these scenes of your perceiving—they shall see them never-
more"—
This said he and nothing more.





October Ninth

1912

To rush and rush and rush and rush,
In Hollins land it seems the plan,
And when they cease there is no peace
"Till they can rush again.

Rush to classes, rush the lasses,
Rush their darlings, too:
There's color rush and banner rush,
Rush the whole year through.

But the greatest rush I've seen them rush—
Some find it a risk—
'Tis the rushing rush, all see them rush
When they rush like this.

M. E. W.



Sororities

In Order of Establishment as Sororities at Hollins

DELTA TAU BETA

PHI MU GAMMA

KAPPA DELTA

GAMMA OMICRON PI

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA

PHI MU

NAUGHTY NAUGHT

BETA SIGMA OMICRON





Delta Tau Beta

Founded 1890

Chartered 1907

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EUGENIA BARRINGER
NELL COSBY
LOU-EVA LONGAN
ANNA MUCKLEROY
VIVIAN CARTER
ALMA NIX
JOSEPHINE BUCHANAN
ELIZABETH BAGBY



DELTA TAU BETA



Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898

Chartered 1900

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ZETA	New York, New York
ETA	Boston, Massachusetts
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IOTA	Boston, Massachusetts
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Hollins, Virginia



PHI MU GAMMA



Kappa Delta

Organized 1895

Chartered 1902

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KAPPA DELTA



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Established 1898

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LUCY HIX	Virginia
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GAMMA OMICRON PI



Sigma Sigma Sigma

Established 1897

Chartered 1903

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KAPPA	Miami, Ohio
SIGMA PHI	Jackson, Tenn.
PHI	Athens, Ohio
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MISS MORROW



SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA



Phi Mu

Organized 1852

Chartered 1903

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BETA CHAPTER
DELTA CHAPTER
XI KAPPA CHAPTER
KAPPA CHAPTER
LAMBDA CHAPTER
MU CHAPTER
XI CHAPTER
OMICRON CHAPTER
PI CHAPTER
SIGMA CHAPTER
RHO

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Hollins, Virginia
New Orleans, Louisiana
Georgetown, Texas
Knoxville, Tennessee
Lynchburg, Virginia
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Orono, Maine
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Staunton, Virginia



PHI MU



2. LAMBERT PHILLIPS

Naughty Naught

AP

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Virginia



NAUGHTY NAUGHT



Beta Sigma Omicron

Founded December 12, 1888

Missouri University

Chartered 1912

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ZETA	Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn.
ETA	Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.
THETA	Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
KAPPA	Fairmount Seminary, Washington, D. C.
LAMBDA	Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.
MU	Crescent College, Eureka Sp., Ark.
NU	Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
Xi	Central College, Lexington, Mo.
OMICRON	Liberty Ladies' College, Liberty, Mo.
Pi	Hollins College, Hollins, Va.

Alumnae Roll

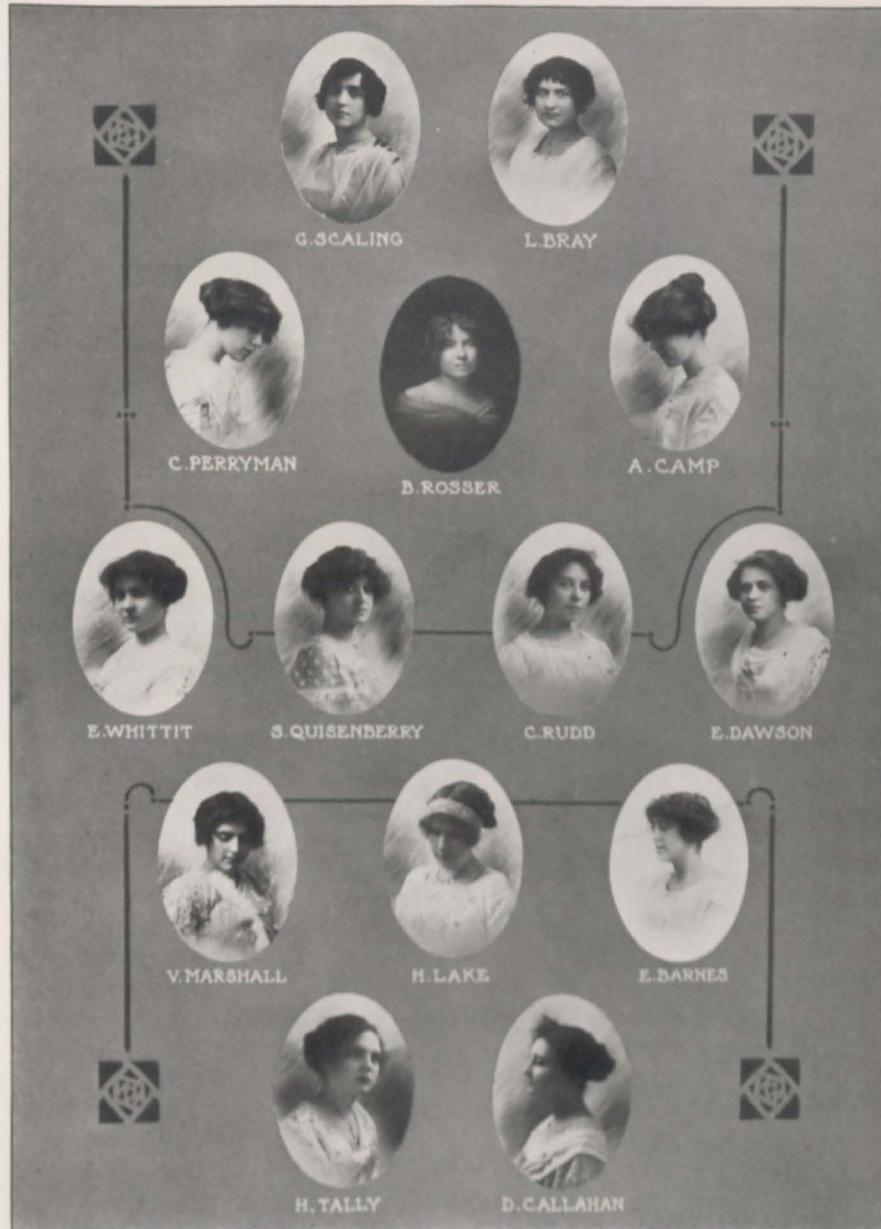
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ST. LOUIS ALUMNAE	St. Louis, Mo.
LIBERTY ALUMNAE	Liberty, Mo.
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Sorores

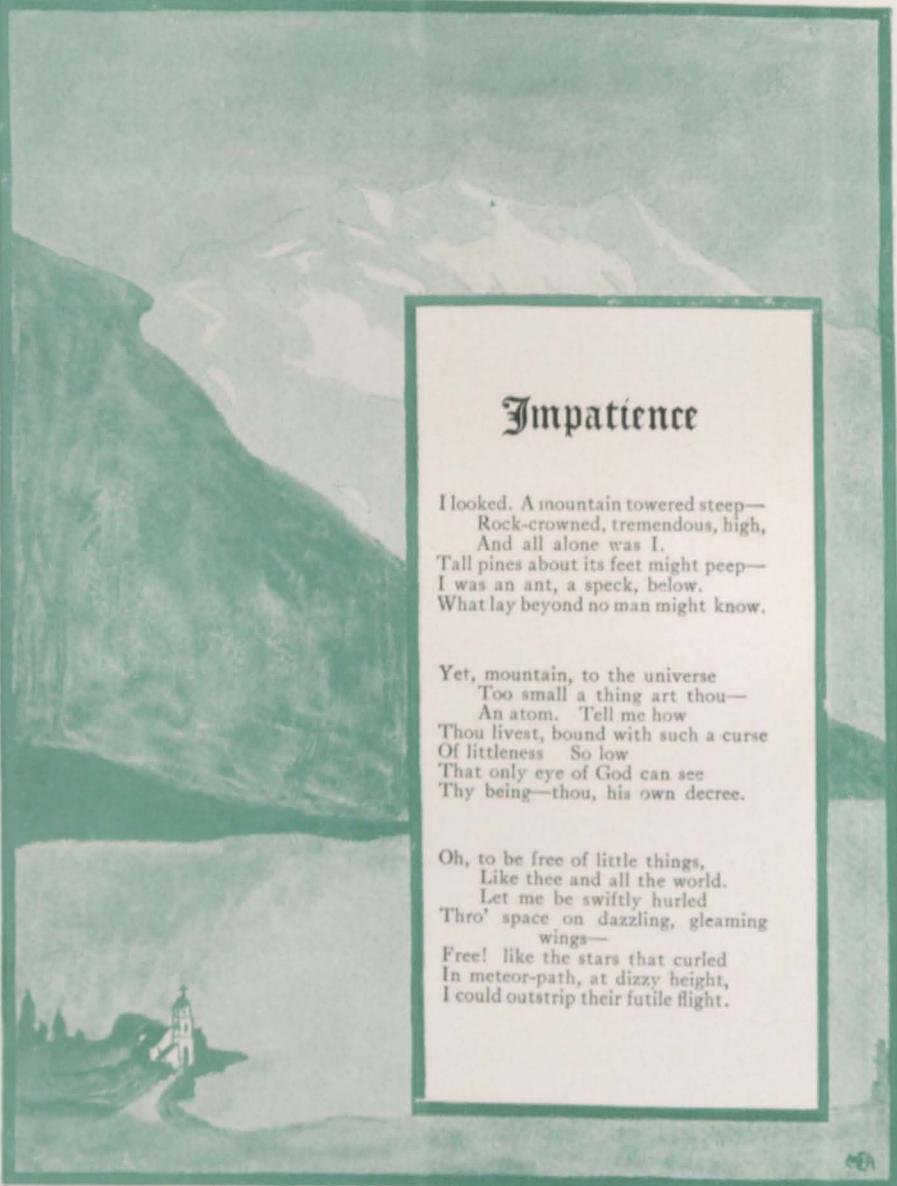
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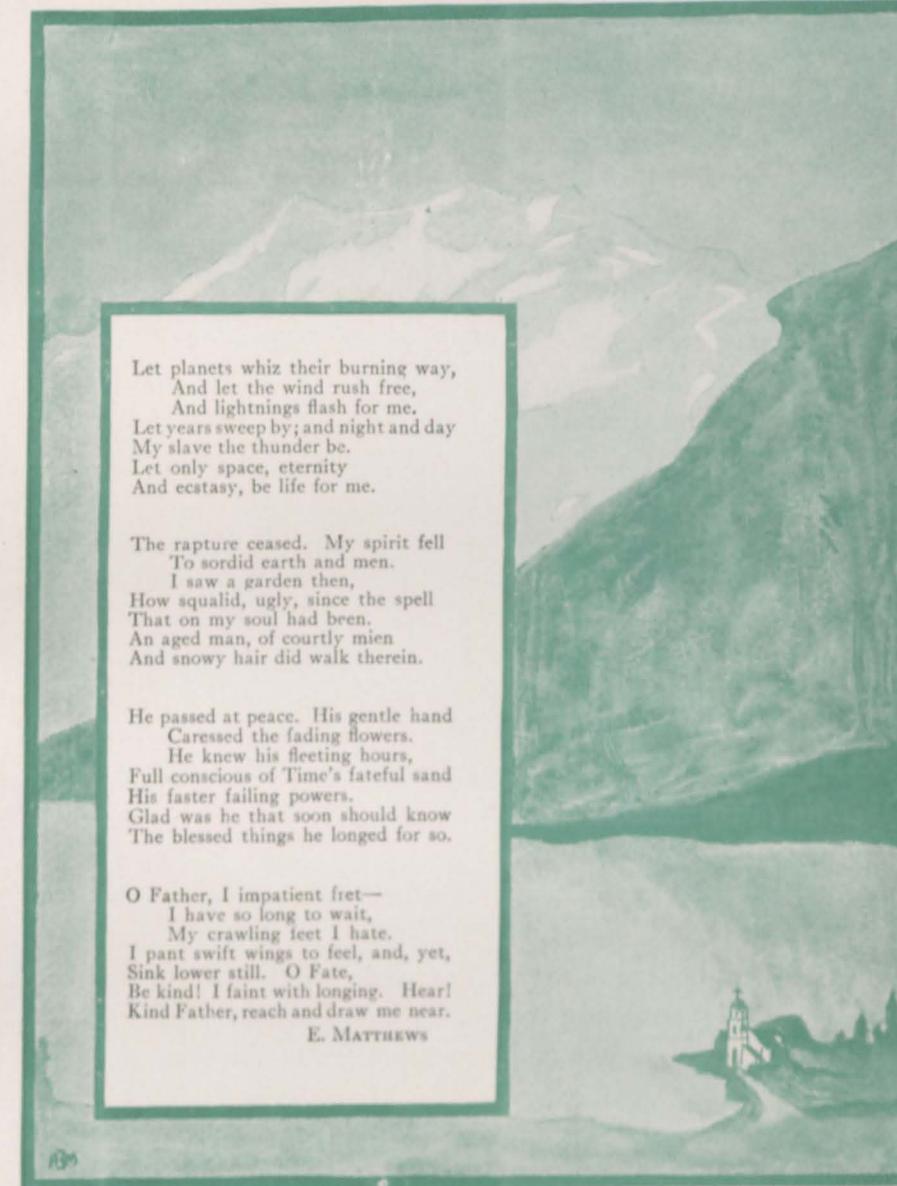


Impatience

I looked. A mountain towered steep—
Rock-crowned, tremendous, high,
And all alone was I.
Tall pines about its feet might peep—
I was an ant, a speck, below.
What lay beyond no man might know.

Yet, mountain, to the universe
Too small a thing art thou—
An atom. Tell me how
Thou livest, bound with such a curse
Of littleness. So low
That only eye of God can see
Thy being—thou, his own decree.

Oh, to be free of little things,
Like thee and all the world.
Let me be swiftly hurled
Thro' space on dazzling, gleaming
wings—
Free! like the stars that curled
In meteor-path, at dizzy height,
I could outstrip their futile flight.



Let planets whiz their burning way,
And let the wind rush free,
And lightnings flash for me.
Let years sweep by; and night and day
My slave the thunder be.
Let only space, eternity
And ecstasy, be life for me.

The rapture ceased. My spirit fell
To sordid earth and men.
I saw a garden then,
How squalid, ugly, since the spell
That on my soul had been.
An aged man, of courtly mien
And snowy hair did walk therein.

He passed at peace. His gentle hand
Caressed the fading flowers.
He knew his fleeting hours,
Full conscious of Time's fateful sand
His faster failing powers.
Glad was he that soon should know
The blessed things he longed for so.

O Father, I impatient fret—
I have so long to wait,
My crawling feet I hate.
I pant swift wings to feel, and, yet,
Sink lower still. O Fate,
Be kind! I faint with longing. Hear!
Kind Father, reach and draw me near.

E. MATTHEWS

The Folly of It

Presented in Three Views

VIEW I.

Oh yes, they loved each other ardently, I am quite sure of that. If you had been at the train the day she left for her second year at Hollins you never could have doubted it. Alicia looked so sad and so pretty, with her bright head leaning against the green plush of the Pullman seat, that Robert felt like taking her up and running off with her,—but this "Viking bold" procedure would doubtless have proved rather difficult, since her father and mother were standing just outside the window. So he restrained himself, and only rearranged for the forty-sixth time the various boxes of candy, the flowers and "all the latest periodicals." Alicia was leaning out of the window most of the time, but when she occasionally turned to give him a glance he felt fully rewarded for having waited. Her eyes said all kinds of unutterable things which Robert imagined nobody could understand except himself. But Alicia's mother had been young, herself, once, and she was not blind. Turning to her husband she whispered:

"I hate to have Alicia go, but I think it is time she was seeing some new people."

"I don't believe in so much education for girls. She'd be better off at home learning how to sew. What's the use in having children if they are always gone and you never get to see them?"

"John, haven't you any eyes?" asked his wife a little impatiently, glancing toward the window.

"What on earth are you talking about? Alicia is only a child. You don't suppose that fool boy has really lost his head over her, do you?"

"Oh, John, John, can't you understand I was thinking only of Alicia, and—"

"No secrets out there! Anybody would imagine you were planning to hold up the train and rob it."

Alicia said this with a little laugh that tried to be very cheerful; but it was easy to see the tears in her eyes.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Run—run, Rob, or you'll be killed!" pleaded the girl.

Of course he didn't run. Instead he took her hand very calmly and held it tight for a second, whispering:

"Tell me just once more before I go that you love me."

"Yes, yes, of course I do!"

"And you won't forget me?"

"The idea, Rob! How could I?"

"And you'll write to me often—say every other day?"

"I don't promise, but I might write oftener sometimes—oh, please do go quick, the train is moving."

"You don't mind if I write every day do you? I'll be so lonesome you know."

"Rob, please don't ask such silly questions. Now good-bye and go on—for I think—I am going to cry." She didn't really cry, but the tears filled her eyes and made them look like two blue lakes.

"Good-bye, little darling." This time he went, and Alicia turned back to her father and mother. She had already told them good-bye three or four times, but she leaned far out and then threw kisses at them until a large building hid them from her sight. Then she put her head down on the arm of the seat and cried. She wanted

to see again the dear face of her mother and hear the rough, kind voice of her father, telling her not to study too hard. She thought of Rob and of how big and solid his shoulders were.

"The idea of his thinking I could ever forget him," she sobbed.

VIEW II.

"I say, Rob, this is a peach of a ranch you have here. Fine place for a fellow to come when he wants to forget something. So many other things to do, don't have time to dream of fair women."

"You're right there, Colton," cut in Jack who had been married just four months. "Who wants to waste time thinking of girls with a forest full of deer just waiting for you to come and kill them? Here, Spatts, see what is the matter with this gun! The moon's almost down and we'd better be starting."

"What was that I heard you fellows say about girls?" asked Rob, hastily putting back into the pocket of his hunting jacket an old letter which he had been reading. "I told you fellows before you came down to this ranch that there wasn't a girl in fifty miles of here during the month of December."

"Oh Lord, Rob, wake up. Nobody wants to see any girls. We're sick of them. We're tickled to death to be rid of them—for a while."

All of this outburst came from the newly-wedded Jack.

"Glad you fellows like it," answered Rob, as he moved over nearer to the lamp and began putting on a headlight. "I think it is the best place on earth. You couldn't pay me to have a woman fussing around here."

Rob was only twenty-one, but he felt very much older, because he had been managing his mother's ranch for two years.

"Seems to me—now I may be mistaken—but it seems to me like you didn't feel just that way about it last September," said

Colton with a wink at the other half dozen boys gathered around the fireplace.

"Oh, bother last September!" retorted Rob. "Every fool has fits and most of them get well sooner or later. Come on out in the yard, Jack, and help me adjust this blooming headlight. It's time we were getting away from here if we expect to kill anything tonight."

When they were out in the dark, Rob fastened the hunting light on his hat and the two began trying to regulate it. Neither spoke a word, but Jack's mind was seething with unutterable questions. The moon had gone down and the prairie was black and still. When the light flashed against the bushes it made them look white and ghostly; but the boys were so absorbed in their thoughts that they did not notice this interesting detail. At last Jack could restrain his curiosity no longer; he burst out,

"Look here, Rob, what's the matter? Has Alicia gone back on you?"

Rob heaved a heavy sigh which ended with,

"Aw, shut up!"

"I'm not going to do it; so you might just as well tell me all about it. Has she sent in her resignation?"

"Oh, Lord, no! That's it. I know she loves me and always will, and I think Alicia is an awfully sweet girl and all that, but I don't feel about her like I did when she left. I write her that I miss her and love her and am crazy for summer to come; and it's all lies; but of course there isn't anything else for a fellow to do but keep the fire up after he's put the match to the kindling."

Rob would have made an excellent model for a picture entitled "Youthful Despair and Resignation." He even made Jack with all his experience feel utterly helpless. He only managed to exclaim weakly,

"Can't you make her mad or something? You can't go on."

"You talk like a string of fish, Jack. Shut up, and let's go get the fellows and start. This headlight is ready now. You know very well I don't want to be the cause of breaking Alicia's heart."

VIEW III.

It was a December night at Hollins. The wind whizzed around the north corner of West Building and shook furiously at the windows of the end room. It would be very difficult to describe this room, for it wasn't the kind that could be put down as blue—blue—blue, or pink—pink—pink. I believe dark green was the color that really predominated, but all the others were well represented, either in the pennants or cushions. Anyway, it doesn't matter much about the color, for the point is that in spite of the cold, outside, the room was warm and cozy. Two girls were sitting on either side of a table. Apparently they were studying very hard. Everything was quiet except the radiator which kept up a merry little "tinkle-tinkle" song. At last one of the girls looked up from her book and whispered:

"Oh Alicia, I'm so glad we didn't have to go to that old soiree. Hasn't it been lovely and quiet up here all by ourselves?"

"Yes, sweetheart, it has been perfectly wonderful; and I could have accomplished so much, too, if I hadn't been worried," answered Alicia, lifting blue eyes full of youthful trouble to her dear friend's face.

"Why, you poor darling," said Rose, as she came over and put comforting arms around Alicia's neck. "What's the matter? Won't you tell me? You know I love you better than anybody, and I can't stand to have you worry."

"It's—about Rob," confessed Alicia.

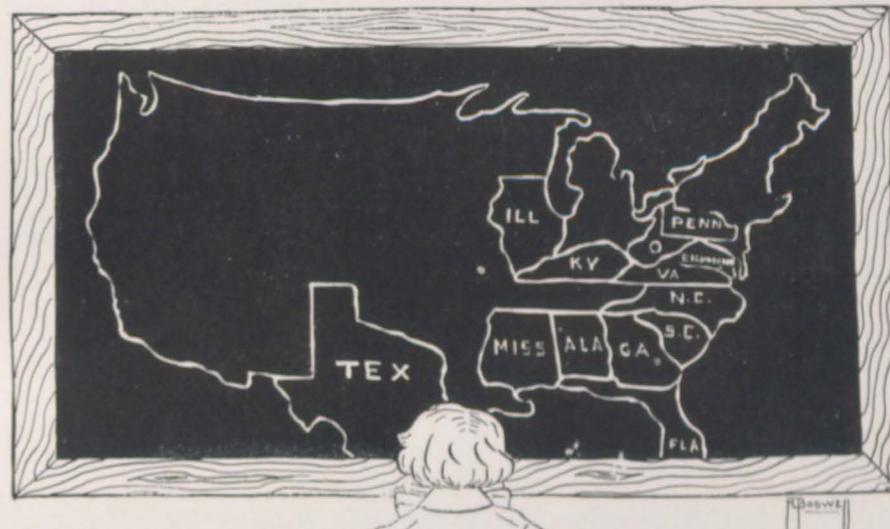
"Oh, yes! He's the person you love better than anybody else, isn't he?" asked Rose a little anxiously.

"No, he isn't. That is just the trouble. I used to think I loved him best, and I promised to marry him when I finished school. But now I know I can't love him much, for I never think of him except when I get his letters or candy and things. There are so many things to do here that are more fun than sitting up thinking of some boy. I don't want to see him, and I wish my family would move up here so I never would have to go back. Why, Rose, I love you six times better than I ever did love Rob. I love you best of anybody, except my family—and they're different, you know."

"Bless your heart, do you really? But what are you going to do about Rob? You know you've just got to go home with me when school is out and stay a long time. Perhaps something will happen before you go home. You just can't keep on being engaged to him when you don't love him, and of course you can't marry him."

"Yes, but you see he loves me so much, and it would just about kill him if I were to do that. Then, you see, I've promised and I can't break my word. Oh, goodness! the soiree is over. I hear the girls coming up. I do wish you didn't have to go. I'll see you again in the morning. Good-night, dear. You helped me lots."

ANNA MUCKLEROY



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We Are Born To

Old Dominion Club

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Motto

Meat to Eat

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Crimson and White

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Vice-President
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Guardian of the Orange and Blue
"Little Egypt"



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Song
"Ho! to Carolina"

Flower
Yellow Jessamine

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Colors

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Song

Yankee Doodle

Flower

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THEO THOMPSON
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Yell

Horses, whiskey, courage, pluck,
We are the girls of old Kentuck.

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Paducah
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Monticello
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Mississippi Club

Colors
Red and Blue

Motto
Nunquam retrorsum

Flower
Magnolia

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Greenwood
Meridian
Greenwood
Jackson
Jackson
Houston
Water Valley



West Virginia Club

Colors
Blue and Gold

Flower
Rhododendron

Song
West Virginia Hills

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Parkersburg
Williamson
Princeton
Bluefield
Bluefield
Alderson
Alderson
Parkersburg
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TEXAS CLUB

Texas Club

Colors
Orange and White

Flower
Blue Bell

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FLORENCE KEATHLY
BESSIE COCKE
MARY ROBERTSON
VIRGINIA SHUMARD
HALLIE RUST

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Flower
Richmond Rose

Motto
"On to Richmond"

Colors
Red and White

JULIA E. OMOMHUNDRO
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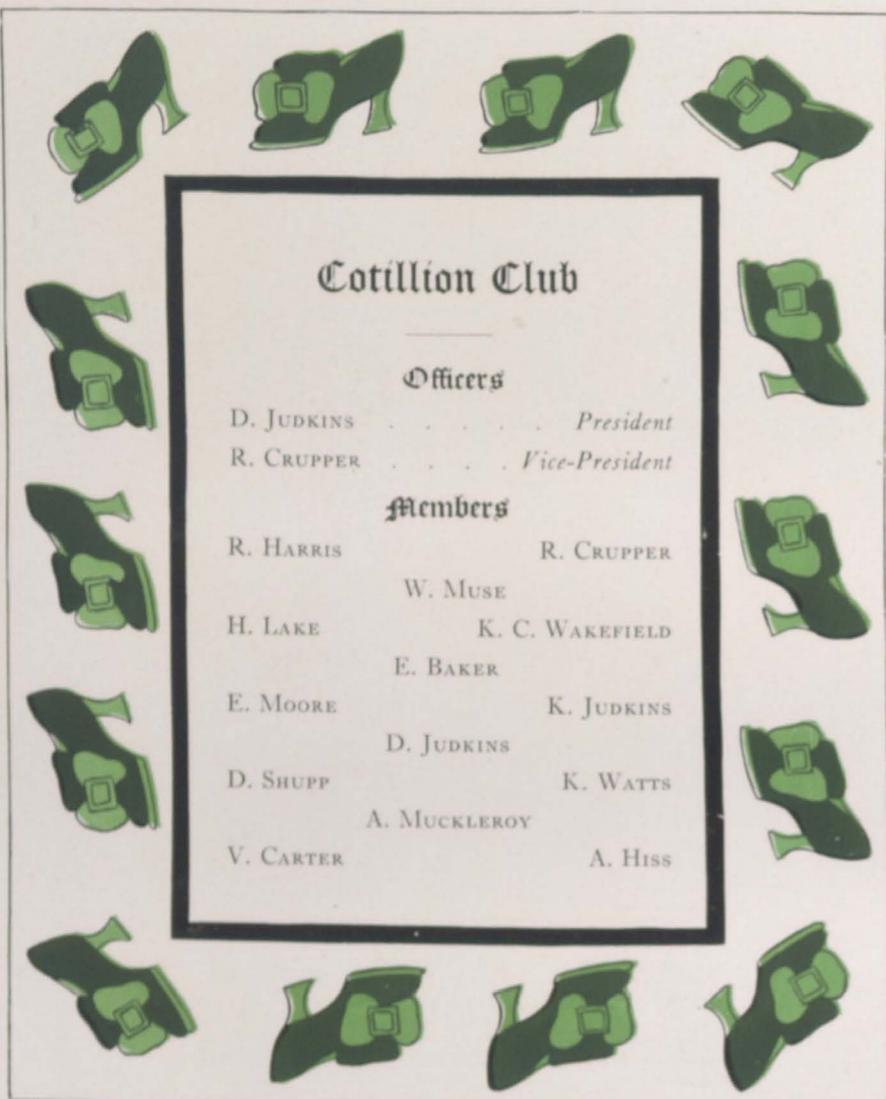
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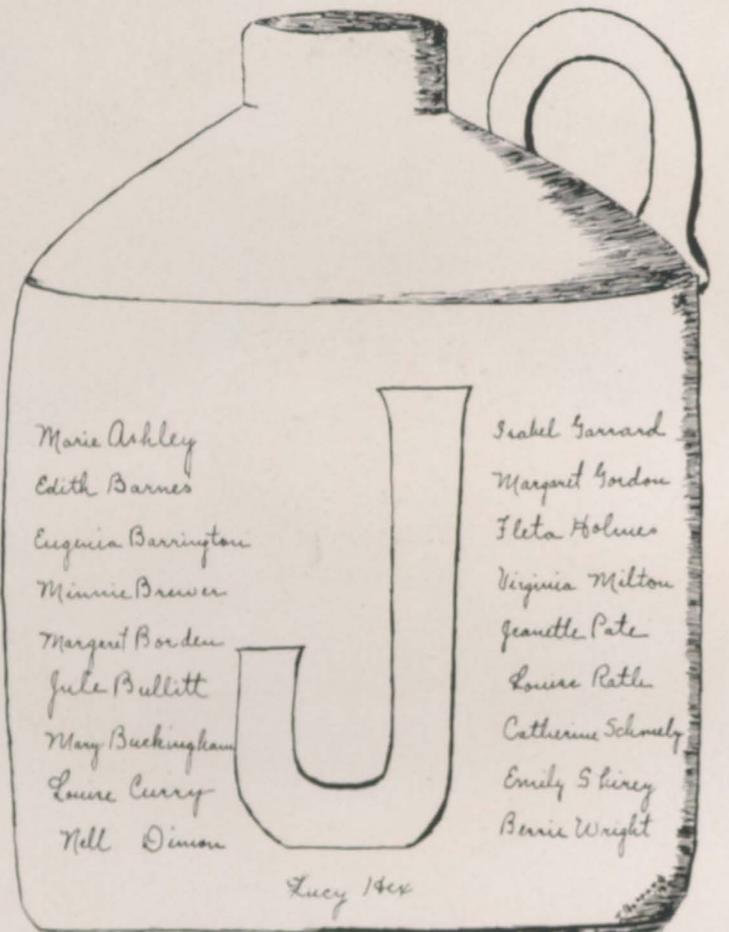


J. BULLITT
E. MATHEWS
W. DAVIS

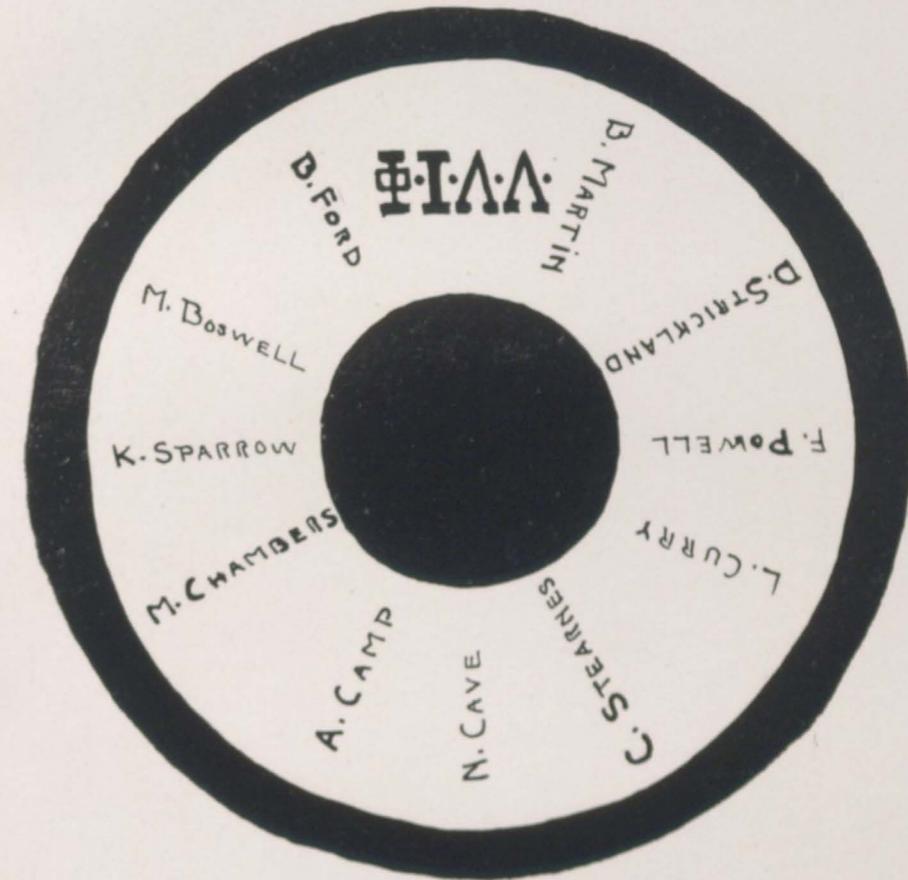
N. CAVE
B. BOSLEY
L. HIX

A. NIX
H. BUTMAN
M. BOSWELL
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V. WARDLAW
H. TUCKER
D. DECKER

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"A Slice of Life"

(Served in the wagon)

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Just Newlywed (prosperous society man)
Justina Newlywed
Snookums (their offspring)
Farmer Hayseed
Molly (of the old grey bonnet)
Aguinardo (organ grinder)
His Monk
Sal, the Slang Sis
Jean (her troubadour)
Mag (the milk-maid)
Bronco Bill (master driver)
Sunny Sue
One Twin
One Twin } Three Twins
One Twin
Room Tender

U. R. RIDICULOUS
B. A. HUMBUGER
FLOWER POLLEN
HEARSEY BARR
Z. T. CRUPPER
HARMONY HEILMAN
CURTAILED CARNEY
JUICY JUDKINS
AGILE ANGIER
BETSY BOSLEY
BIBANTUCKER
HOLLY HUTCHINS
I. WANT MOORE
D. SHOE MARDE
R. U. A. MUSED
CHAMBER MAID



ADELINE DAVIS
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JUDITH RIDICK
ANNA MUCKLEROY

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VIVIAN CARTER
ELEANOR PATTERSON
CONSTANCE RUSBY
MAMIE SINGLETON
Honorary Member: MISS WILLIAMS

12 13

The Dream-Children

Within the vale of Yesterday,
Where lies the ancient scroll of Time,
Beyond the reach of call and clime,
The golden-haired Dream-children play.

And now, on seas of purest light,
Where life is glad, and thought is free,
And Nature woos eternity,
Will glide their slender vessels light.

And now, from dreary caverns black,
Where lurk the foulest fruits of mind,
The scavengers of race and kind,
Their siren laughter echoes back.

But oft at night, when all is still,
And Nature feels the mist-king's sway,
The eager children steal away
And, joyous, wander where they will.

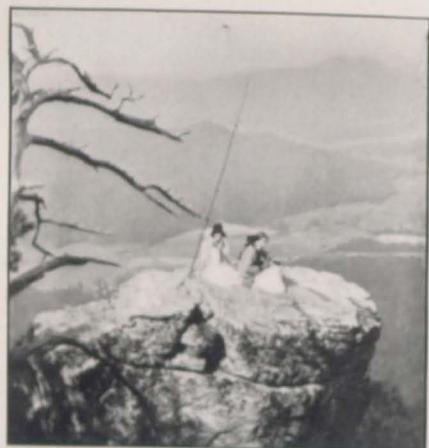
And then, throughout the silent air,
Upon the heavy wings of night,
Like distant murmurs of delight,
Is borne the fragrance of their hair.

But great the joy, or great the woe,
Who love their eyes,—or woo their lips—
Who draughts of poisoned nectar sips
Or learn the nobler aims to know.

Yet those who feel the unseen hand,
The mystic realm of smiles and sighs,
The gentle light of Dream-child eyes—
Have known their call,—and understand.

ELISABETH THOMPSON





TINKER DAY



TINKER DAY

To Mrs. Boozer

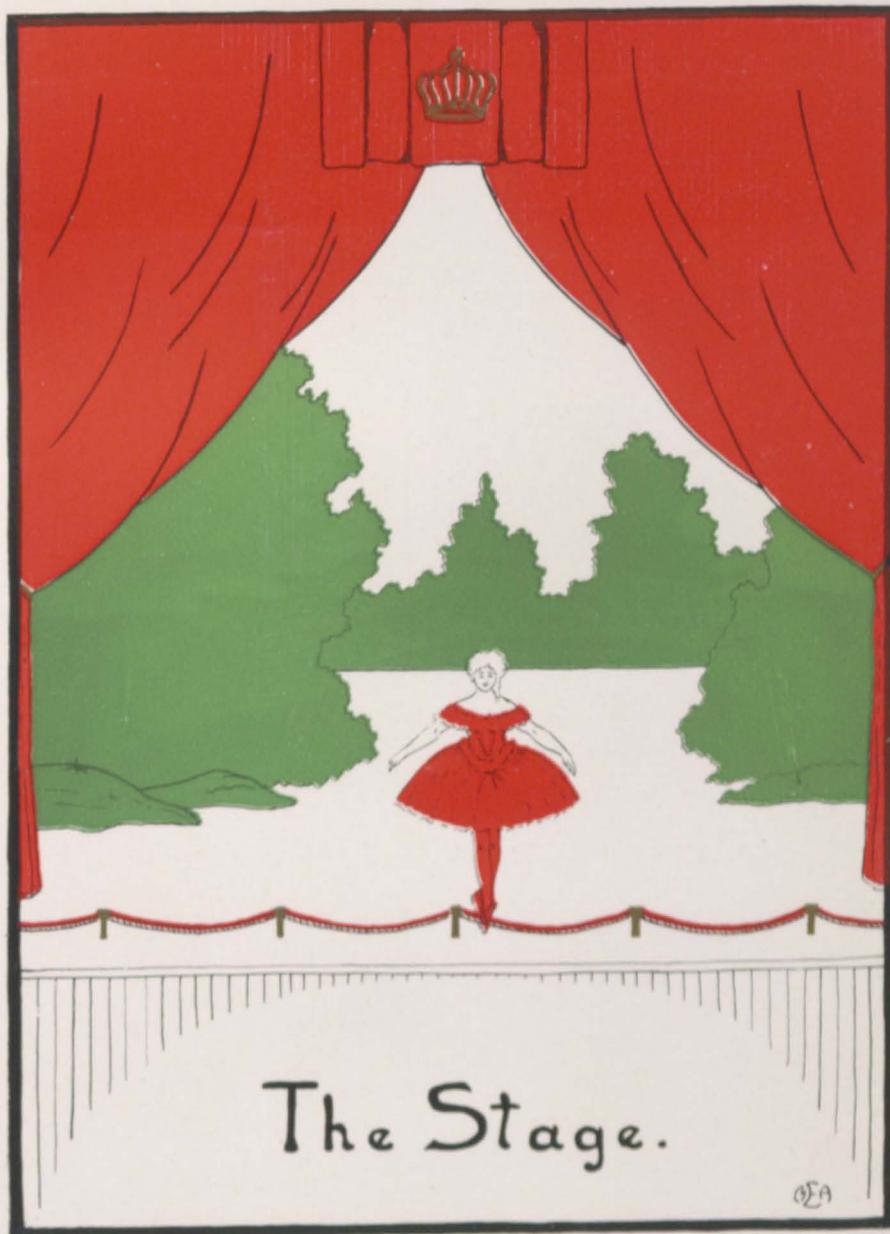
Why has the store crowd smaller grown
At Hollins this year?
Why does the station seem so lone
On Saturdays so clear?

If you would like to know the answer
Of a problem so profound,
It is because of Mrs. Boozer,
Who makes good things abound.

She never forgets a national day,
Or even St. Valentine,
When the tables are pretty and gay
As the girls come in to dine.

And we don't abide by the Golden Rule
That was in custom here;
On a hot day, soup, and ice when cold,
As every other year.

So here's to Mrs. Boozer,
Whom all the girls adore,
We hope we'll never lose her
Until we are grey and hoar.



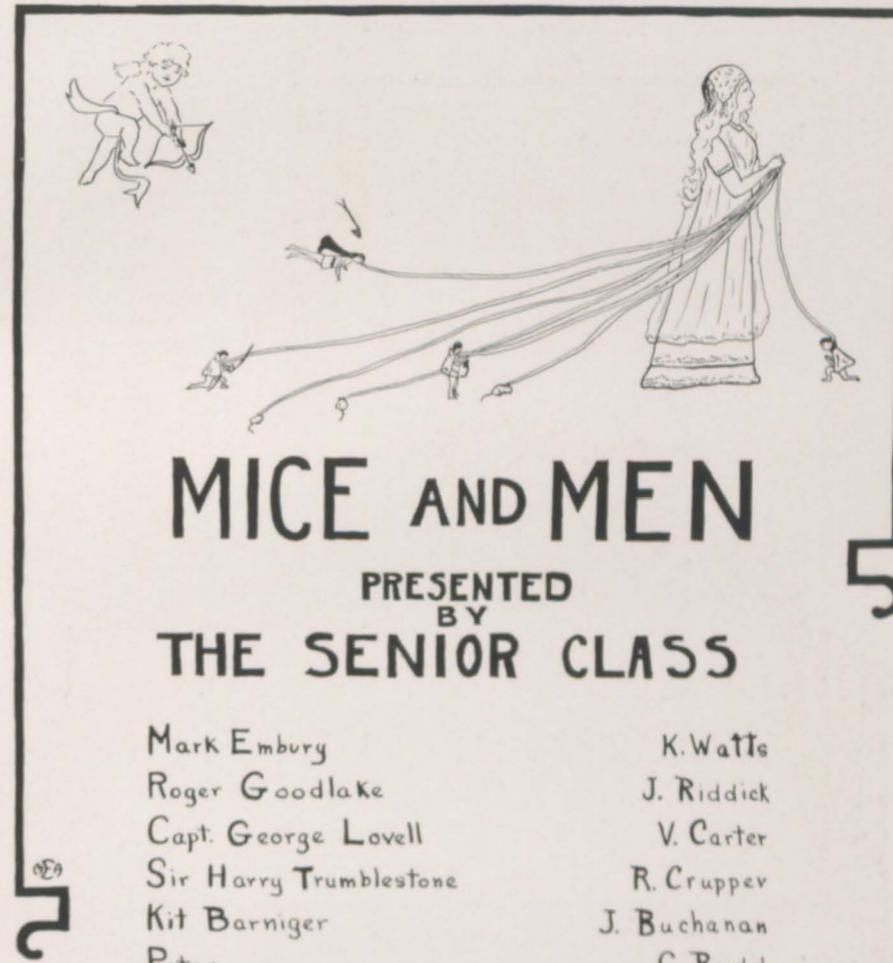
The Stage.

SEA



! ! ! MARVELOUS PRODUCTION !!
Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines
PRESENTED BY
Euzelian Company

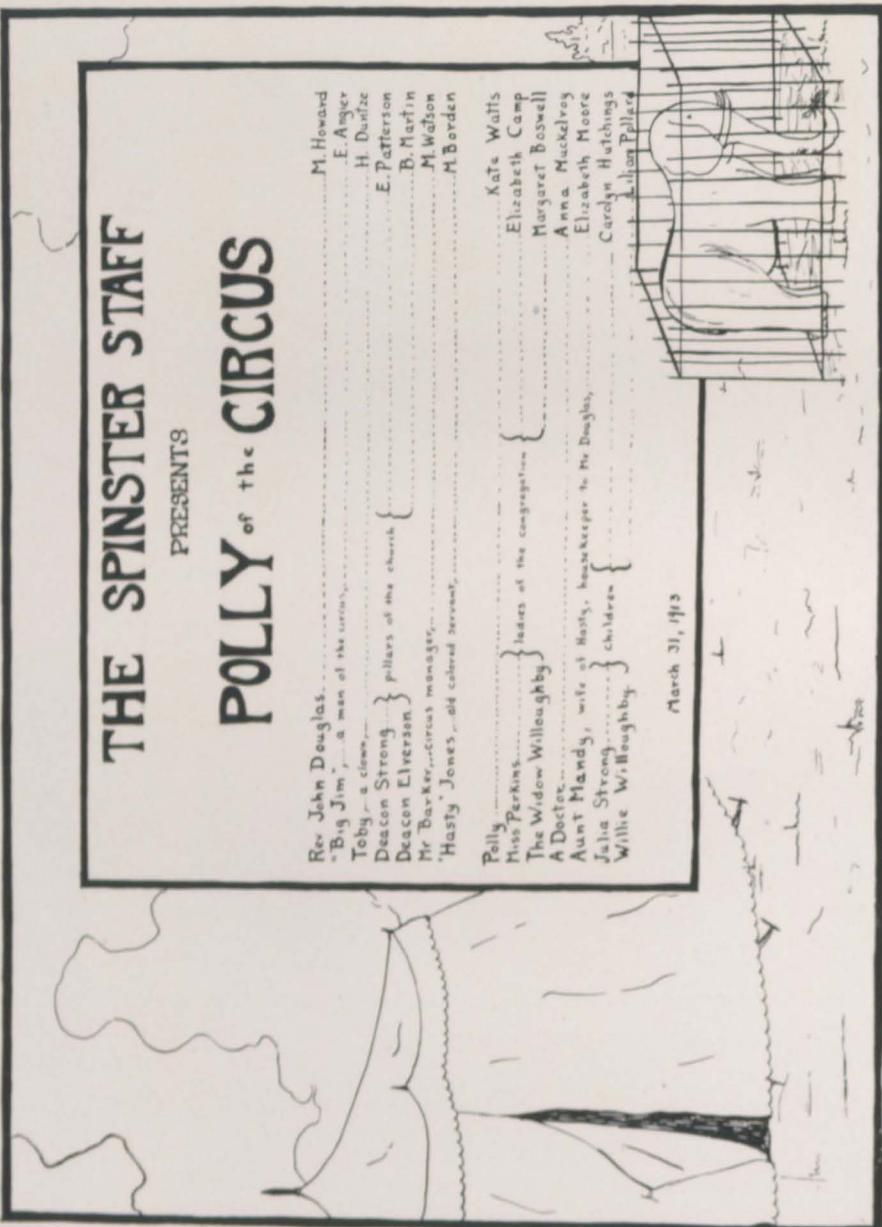
Captain Robert Carrollton Jinks
 Charles La Martine Vorkenbury
 Augustus Bleeker
 Tribune Reporter
 Herald Reporter
 Times Reporter
 Newsboy
 Policeman Detective Bellarri
 Professor Trenton
 Mrs. Greenbrough
 Mrs. Stonington
 Mrs. Merriman
 Julia Oma Bosley
 Bearcat Ruth Berlin
 Wm. Nurnburg
 Rose Helmuth
 Mrs. Hunda
 D. Judkins
 C. Hutchings
 L. Buckner
 M. Howard
 M. Moore
 J. Martin
 M. Wilson
 C. Martin
 E. Moore
 F. Martin
 G. Martin
 H. Martin
 I. Martin
 J. Martin
 K. Martin
 L. Martin
 M. Martin
 N. Martin
 O. Martin
 P. Martin
 Q. Martin
 R. Martin
 S. Martin
 T. Martin
 U. Martin
 V. Martin
 W. Martin
 X. Martin
 Y. Martin
 Z. Martin



MICE AND MEN

PRESENTED
BY
THE SENIOR CLASS

Mark Embury	K. Watts
Roger Goodlake	J. Riddick
Capt. George Lovell	V. Carter
Sir Harry Trumblestone	R. Crupper
Kit Barniger	J. Buchanan
Peter	C. Rudd
Joanna Goodlake	Kathleen Sparrow
Mrs Deborah	Ruth Harris
Peggy ("Little Britain")	Rose Heilman
Matron	Dorothy Mayo
Beadle	D. Schupp
Molly	Berenice Ford



"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES."

A FARCE PRESENTED BY
The Euphian Stock Company

Hollins Thaxter

April 14-1913.

Cast

Jones.....	W.H. Muse
Ebenezer Goodly.....	K. C. Bibb
Anthony Goodly.....	S. R. Riddick
Richard Heatherly.....	V. Carter
Thomas Holder.....	D. Shupp
William Bigbee.....	C. Chagoon
Henry Fuller.....	B. Martin
Mrs Goodly.....	Seannette Pate
Cissy.....	Hell Cave
Marjorie }.....	Kathleen Sparrow
Minerva }.....	Florine Powell
Alvina Starlight.....	Marguerite Hearsey
Helma.....	Dorothy Mayo

Place - New York City
Time - The Present.

The Afterglow

The western sky with glory shone
Above the hills that lay
As silhouettes against the dome
Of crimson-gold and gray.
The monarch of the skies had blest
The world with light, and slow
Was sinking to his well-earned rest—
This was the Afterglow.

A life is spent, and does it bless
Its world with light? And, lo,
When sinking to eternal rest,
What is the Afterglow?

MARGARET BOSWELL



ON THE CAMPUS



Consulting the Oracle as to "Who's Who" at Hollins

SCENE:—At Delphi, or any other place you prefer.

TIME:—March seventh, in the Year of Our Lord One thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen.

CHARACTERS:—The Oracle and Miss Spinster of Hollins.

SPINSTER (*bowing very low and speaking timidly*)—Most Reverend Sir, I have come at the request of the Hollins folk to beg that you, O Oracle, will unfold to me the people who best fit this list of superlatives they have drawn up.

ORACLE—It is not my custom to thus disclose the qualities of womankind, for the Spirits will not always answer such questions. But, since you are from the Land of Green Fields and Golden Sunshine, where the Spirits themselves, are wont to go in the Merry Month of May, proceed with your questions.

SPINSTER—First, Learned Oracle, as is the way with maids, they would know which among them is the prettiest.

ORACLE—Strange, yet the Spirits seem rash enough to answer that question. They answer clearly—Adeline Davis.

SPINSTER (*sighing*)—I hope the girls will be pleased, for she is pretty, and now they would know the handsomest?

ORACLE (*passing his hands a few times mysteriously over a crystal globe*)—The Spirits again answer Adeline Davis.

SPINSTER—They have a most discerning eye for—

ORACLE (*interrupting her*)—Spare your remarks and hasten with your questions.

SPINSTER—Well, who is the most stylish?

ORACLE—Dame Fashion tells me her most ardent worshipper is Dorothy Judkins.

SPINSTER—Next they would know who holds first place for talents?

ORACLE (*slowly*)—The Muse's scroll unrolls. I read Estelle Angier.

SPINSTER—Now, will the Spirits tell who regales us with her wit?

ORACLE—The Spirits even smile as she approaches. There is a glow of color—I see coming rapidly Kathleen Bibb, who also bears in her hands palms she has won for originality.

SPINSTER—True, true; and now, O Oracle, who, with her wondrous acting, wins the heart of the audience?

ORACLE—A stage appears, and thereupon I see Kathrine Watts.

SPINSTER—Who carries off the laurels for being the most democratic maid among us?

ORACLE—She who practices true democracy is Judith Riddick, thereby making herself the most popular also.

SPINSTER—The "Best All 'Round," who is she?

ORACLE—A stranger appears; she has newly come among you, her name is Anna Hiss.

SPINSTER—Is there a great athlete among the maids?

ORACLE—There is one rivals the athletes of Greece; she is Estelle Angier.

SPINSTER—The most attractive comes next on my list.

ORACLE—There is one who excels all others in her charm. I speak of Dorothy Judkins.

SPINSTER—Now they would know the cutest maid in the Land of Hollins.

ORACLE—And lo! Elizabeth Edwards' name leads all the rest.

SPINSTER—I pray thee, now, tell us who dances best?

ORACLE—I see, gliding gracefully to the strains of sweet music, Anna Wilson.

SPINSTER—Who among us is known for her studious habits?

ORACLE—There are many contestants for this place. Holding first place I see two. May Hyslop and Courtney Rudd, while immediately behind them I see Josephine Buchanan and Alma Nix.

SPINSTER—Who do the Spirits say is the brightest?

ORACLE—The Spirits readily answer Rose Heilman.

SPINSTER—Will the Spirits tell you the sweetest?

ORACLE—Distinctly I hear them say Ruth Crupper.

SPINSTER—And who, I pray thee, is the most capable?

ORACLE—Again the answer comes, Estelle Angier.

SPINSTER—And does the Faculty claim a pet?

ORACLE—The Spirits say they find a favorite in Adeline Davis, with Myrtle Thompson as a close second.

SPINSTER—Now who, O, Oracle, is the most public spirited?

ORACLE—The Spirits tell me Rose Heilman.

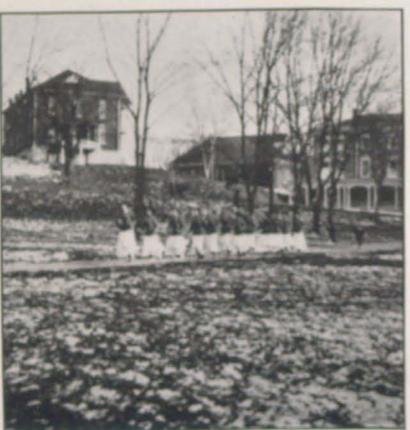
SPINSTER—Pray, who wields the most influence over our sequestered abode?

ORACLE—The influence of Helen Duntze appears greatest among your people.

SPINSTER—Now, the list closes with the most typical classmen.

ORACLE—Among your grave and revered Seniors, I see a SPINSTER prim, by name Katherine Watts. In her footsteps come two Juniors, arm in arm—"Peg" Hearsey and Willie Muse. Sophomore's noble band is led by their valiant President, Judith Riddick. As the leader of the Freshmen Class, I see Bessie Monroe, whom the Spirits declare to be their most typical representative.

The Oracle refuses to disclose further names until another year has passed. The Spinster "wends her weary way" back to Hollins.



THANKSGIVING DAY



JOKES & HITS

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,"
Quoth Honest Ben long, long ago,
E'en now this SPINSTER finds it so.

Stories and plays all have their place,
Jokes and hits now enter the race,
The jokes are bad, the hits are hard
Now, if you're hit, don't blame this bard.

Of all the schools that we know best,
This one has more of peace and rest.
 We love its halls,
 Its old brick walls,
It's work and play—these are our quest.

Oh all of our darlings, Miss Thalia
Most to be like her we essay;
 Her smiles and her grace
 And her laughing, bright face
Oh, we all of us just worship Miss Thalia.

Alas! There was a reverend man,
 Alas! There was a joke.
Alas! The joke was told the man,
 Alas! These words he spoke:
"Alas! Our youth is growing bold,
 Alas! In haste they speak too soon."
Alas! We now may only say—
 "Alas! Alas! That moon!"

D—is the Dandelion that blooms in the spring,
R—the Red beast that to their arms cling.
A—the Altar, where they've stayed,
G—the Granite of which it is made.
O—the *One* and *Only* who holds all sway,
N—the new little Dragon of future day.

Tinkle-Tinkle—what is that?
No, it's not a dog or cat.
That's a great C-L-U-B,
But, between just you and me,
The bell that hangs their necks around
Is all the *club* that can be found.

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
 See how they run.
They all run after the T. A. R.,
Who only loves them from afar,
 Three blind mice, see how they run.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
Badges and pins, and rings and chains,
 And even animals up in a row.

There is a club called Jokers, you know,
It's always the same, wherever you go,
 In a feast or a fight,
 Why, any old night,
They'll outwit the Maskers—so slow.

There's a disease at Hollins called "darling,"
You can have one for just a farthing;
 But, ah, what a mess,
 When a lady called Hiss
Changes darlings for less than a farthing.

Into a kindergarten old Φ M I's growin';
 They take them in and train them up
In the way they should be goin',
 From "Baby Brewer," docile (?) to frivolous Marie,
And Grandma Heilman does it all
 For the good of the family.

But Φ M I's got a rival
 In the kindergarten line,
For Kappa Delta, too,
 Is looking out for youngsters fine,
And with Sing as jealous guardian,
 They are guided on that lane,
The straight and narrow pathway
 That will lead them on to fame.

There is a family circle
 Growing on a family tree,
And no one enters that circle
 Without a pedigree.
It once was known as Naughty Naught,
 But it's begun to grow,
And now it claims the dignity
 Of being Lambda Rho.

There is a party in our school,
 'Tis called the Γ O Π,
'Tis under Taft's golden rule,
 Tho' a Glee Club they strive to be.

There is another party,
 An army, G. A. R.
Their motto, "Watch Us Grow"
 They follow near and far.
A national organization
 For the many and the few,
Tho' they used to be a sorority,
 They only just Φ M.

Where, oh where, have their Chapter gone?
Oh where, oh where can they be?
Tri-Delta has taken them all but one,
And that's this one, you see.

Oh what, oh what, will Tri-Sigma do?
For it's only a local now,
But it's stuck together like a bottle of glue—
So, of course, there's never a row.

We've heard of resurrections
That will come on Judgment Day;
The dead will surely rise again
Is what some people say.
But such things in 1913
We had never hoped to see,
Till Muck came to blow her trumpet
And recreate Δ T B.

Ding, Dong, Dell,
K. K. K. has gone to —well.
Who put her there?
Little Sara, fair;
She came to look about,
But was troubled with a doubt;
Now experience has taught her
That which she ought to
Have known when she came.
Now we see the "Keep Klean Klub"
Prophet has resurrected those same,
And as Beta Sigma Omicron
They are aspirants for fame.

Hollins climate seems to favor
Rapid mushroom growing;
For daily there are springing up
Clubs beyond all knowing.
"What's that walking on the campus?"
Asks a Senior bold,
"Oh, you're too young to know," she hears,
"You really can't be told."
Climate's favorable, we said,
And growth is very
There're Bells and Pills and Owls and Jugs
And others unrelated.
And may we venture to inquire,
If 'twould not be too bold,
What will follow on the program
When these have grown too old?

They keep their motto all the week,
Mummy.
But on Sunday they can speak,
Mummy.
They come from out their shell
On Sunday with a yell.
Yet all the week
They must be meek,
Mummy.

Suggested sign for 38 Main:
MUSE & YERGER
Drag-On-Inn

There is an organization of this institution, grand,
That is a pillar of society,
Miss Parkinson's right-hand band.
No, it's not Y. W., nor yet the Senior Class,
'Tis the A. D. A.'s noble order
That no one can surpass;
For an A. D. A. must be born—
An A. D. A. is not made—
To liven up our college life
Is the A. D. A.-ostic trade.

The Dragons went a-strolling
For to find a dandelion;
Mother Muse had sent them,
It was her will, divine.

And when they found the yellow things
They brought them to the altar,
And won from her the patron's smile;
Each dutiful dear daughter.

Some people do things backwards,
They seem to think it wise,
And sometimes they send backwards
Their "friends of the bulging eyes."
But all things work by custom,
And these people one word bar,
So instead of saying R. A. T.
They must say T. A. R.

"Twas through our quiet Hollins land,
Not many years a-past,
A rumor spread from hand to hand
That a monster approached us fast.

Forth to meet the invading beast
The jolly Tars did go;
Alas! no need for such great haste
As you shall surely know.

Immediately he saw the strength
There was in T. A. R.
He knew his time had come at length,
From death he was not far.

In fear and trembling he looked around
And saw a friendly face,
Summoning his strength, with a mighty bound,
He found a resting place.

"Twas on the arm of a nearby maid
That he clung in a close embrace;
And now for four years there he stayed
In that, his abiding place.

And thus it is that in our day
Baby Dragons amongst us are;
But each one knows in his own little way
That he is subject to T. A. R.



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Improbabilities

Miss Agnes—"That's perfectly accurate and definite. I couldn't have done better myself."

Mr. Cummings—"Why do you all write so many and such good things? I can't put them all in the *Magazine*."

Miss Parkinson—"Aren't you too warm in these heavy clothes? Why don't you put on something thinner?"

Miss Matty—"Don't keep so quiet in chapel. Strangers will think you are unsociable."

Miss Marion—"Girls, there isn't but one book, but I hope six of you won't mind using it together."

Miss Kellam—"Girls, why don't you come up to see your friends when they are sick in the infirmary? They get so lonesome."

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Mr. Turner—"I wish to announce that it will annoy me greatly if you see about tickets before the last day of Commencement."

Miss Mary—"I don't advise the new girls to take Latin; it will do them no good."

Mr. Cocke—"I wish to announce that Tinker Day will be one week from tomorrow. I make this announcement early so that no one will study their lessons for that day."

Mrs. Graham—"Girls, it is very extravagant to buy push tacks. Why don't you just use ordinary tacks or pins?"

Miss Thalia—"I wouldn't advise anyone to go to Harward to study Botany. I don't approve of the methods."

Dr. Kusian—"The English teachers should give you more work. I fear the English Department is being neglected."

Caught at Random

Miss Agnes—"Did you buy that *wholetail* or *retail*?"

Louisa Rath (meeting E. Edwards coming from infirmary)—"Oh, have you had 'prima donna' put in your eyes?"

II. Lit. Exam.—"Adam Bede is only associated with Anglo-Saxon poetry by his 'Dethe Song.'"

K. E. S.—"Is he a Jew?"
D. S.—"No, he is a white man."

V. Chesterman (meeting Mr. Dickinson on front steps of Main)—"How are you, Mr. Dickinson?"

Mr. Dickinson—"Well, thank you."

V. Chesterman (seeing girl coming around porch)—"Darling child, what time is it?"

Mr. Dickinson—"Why, really, Miss Chesterman, I don't know."

Miss Parkinson—"Where did Miss McAdory sit?" "There?" "Well, will you two girls please take Miss McAdory's seat?"

Jules Bullett—"I paid a quarter for my rooter's tacks (tax), and they have never given me the tacks."

Miss Agnes—"In these days of rapid communication by the cablegraph, the telegraph, and the phonograph."

While several girls were getting drinks in Keyser-Warren's, one sought to make a purchase and, calling the boy to her, asked, "Have you any Honey and Almond Cream?" "I'm sorry, Miss, but we only have peach and vanilla today."

Miss Snead (to waiter)—"William, is this a dessert?"

William—"Yasem, it's a dessert, but you eat it along with your dinner, it's an entry."

One of Hollins' most talked-of new books, "The Rubiate of Angier."

English I. Exam—"The Brook Farm was a fine agricultural experimental station."

On Election Day one young lady was heard to say, "I think Rose Heilman is the most typical Freshman in school."

One of the votes read like this: "Most Influential—Miss Matty."

Uncle Billy—"What are the main functions of the cerebellum?"

Camp (promptly)—"Walking!"

(Has anyone seen Camp's cerebellum strolling around?)

Miss A. Davis (at election)—"I think we ought to cut out the vote for the slangiest—I think it's the limit."

EXTRA THE HOLLINS TRIANGLE

Subscription Per Copy
\$2.50 per year

FEBRUARY 30, 1913

All predictions indicate the approach of Commencement

WOODROW WILSON ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA,
WESTERN HEMISPHERE
Solid South for Wilson

All voters of Hollins—location on map not known—having duly paid their poll tax, except one F. A. Cummings who was sent for by Sheriff Snead, cast their ballot for Wilson. All parties rivaled each other in the uniqueness of their parades and celebrations. The Wilson parade was delayed for some time by failure of the donkey to put in appearance. Suffragettes loyally upheld the cause of Roosevelt, who being present delivered an address noticeable in its lack of egotism (?). Taft's supporters, few but enthusiastic, worshipped his images suspended from Main and West.

FOUNDER'S DAY ushered in by Big Fight between classes. None killed but many wounded. Battle raged from 8 P. M. to 2 A. M. in the vicinity of Cupola. Generals unable to marshall forces in military array until arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, when the mercenary troops rapidly disappeared behind intrenchments. Terms of peace were then negotiated.

MARIGOLDS WIN MARVELOUS
VICTORY!!

Turnipgreens Go Down in Soup

Athletic Field, Nov. 29—Even with the brilliant Randolph, Pell and Barbee, the Turnipgreens were uprooted. The Marigold victory was no doubt due to the wonderful goal throw of Athlete Cummings. Hayward distinguished the Turnipgreens by her clean game. It being against her principles she did not touch the ball once. Irreparable damage was done basketball field by Peyton of Marigolds being unable to stay on her feet. Snead, heavyweight champion for Turnipgreens, failed, even with her charm.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!!!
Unheard of Occurrence!!
An Earthquake!

At First Thought to Have Done Great Damage

Hollins Metropolis, Mar. 13—An unheard of occurrence took place in this renowned winter resort today. A disturbance of unusual character was noticed. Miss Bayne, who had just gone to her Study, which is just beyond the stately columns of the Library, was one of the first to feel the shock. For some time she searched in vain for the cause of this unseemly happening which so rudely disturbed the thoughts of her household. At last she decided it must have been occasioned by the dropping of a pin in the cloak-room. Investigation proved this supposition false, as the cloak-room was totally unoccupied. Miss Bayne felt the second shock while pursuing her investigations. Then she decided it must be an earthquake, so great was the quaking of the mansion. In frenzy, she cleared the doomed building of its occupants, but to her surprise, then found the agitation to be of a purely local character. Investigation reached fever their loss.

DIED

Kappa Kappa Kappa. On December 7, 1912, at their residence, in East, the beloved Keep Klean Klub of Hollins. Interment private.

SKIRTS: On October 1, 1912, skirts passed away on Athletic Field. Gone, but not forgotten.

COVERED WAY—On April 15, 1912, the Covered Way, beloved passage from Main to Art Building, was taken away. All "Darlings" moan

Continued on page two, third column

THE HOLLINS TRIANGLE

EDITORIALS

PATRIOTISM

Celebration of Washington's Birthday conspicuous by its absence! History tells us that the Father of our Country had a birthday. Messages from the outside world inform us that this is still celebrated. Hollins seems to prefer to celebrate February 21st rather than the 22nd. Voters use your influence! Don't forget the Knight of "Cherrytree and Hatchet"! Rally 'round the flag!

NOISE IN LIBRARY

To the grief of the Librarian, girls are much too quiet in the Library. It is a matter of serious regard that young ladies seem to show a tendency to clothe themselves in silence upon entering the sacred portals of this lordly structure. Walking on tip-toe has also caused the Librarian much worry and many sleepless nights. This should not be so. It is a well-known fact that concentration of mind cannot be practiced in such deathly silence. The tongue is a small member—but see to it, Hollins people, that it will not grow less vigorous thru lack of use!

GOSSIP

It has recently been brought to the notice of the Editors that the Hollins girls are prone to cease all Gossip. Anti-Gossip clubs have even been formed, which tend to deteriorate

the art of social intercourse. We deplore this sad state of affairs. Fellow-citizens, you owe it to your neighbors to know all about them. It is also a courtesy you should show them to know all their business before they do. It is considered a breach of friendly relations to keep this to yourself. Practice generosity. Pass it on to everyone you see, specifying that each shall add some choice bit from her imagination.

A PROMISING POET

A new star appears on the horizon of the poetical world. We prophesy a brilliant future and an immortal name for Miss Truepoetica Antiprosa. We quote the last stanza of her noble poem, "The Sun."

"The sun, the sun, the beautiful sun,
Thy rays are like light,
Not shining in the night,
Oh, you beautiful sun!"

The Editors acknowledge the receipt of the following books:

"Botany all the Year Around," by Andrews.
"Division of the House," by Chambers.
"Destruction of Wheat," by Rust.
"Songs Galore," by Sparrow.
"Protected for the Storm," by Case.
"On the Other Side of the Wall," by Scaling.
"Filling the Lake," by Herrin.

Continued from page one
heat when Miss Bayne descended into the Gym and there found the cause of the disturbance to be nothing more than members of the G(et) T(hin) Club working overtime, striving to reduce the corpulence of their latest "pledges."

THE HOLLINS TRIANGLE

IN SOCIETY

The Following Social Functions are Anticipated:

OCT. 1ST, 1913

Reception by Science Faculty in their new home, "Science Hall."

DEC. 25TH, 1913

A swimming party promised. It is not definitely known who the hostess will be.

DEC. 31ST, 1913

The Tramp Club will entertain a few friends at a New Year's Eve Supper on the "Peaks of Otter."

JULY 4TH, 1913

The Glee Club will give a recital to which only the deaf are invited.

THE SPINSTER STAFF ENTERTAINS

On Saturday evening, March the fifteenth, the SPINSTER Staff held their annual banquet in honor of Miss Spinster's departure for Buffalo, N. Y. A delightful course dinner was served. The menu was as follows:

Cocktail à la Dedication
Entrées, wit, puns, and jokes
Consomme, Clear Logic
Fish de la Wisdom

Fowls with Class Dressing
Scalloped Brains

Club Sandwiches

Salad à la Organization

Rolls de la Students

Dessert, Ice Cold Sororité

Café demi-posta

Advertisement Cheese

BIRTHS

On December 7, 1912, the Pi Chapter of Beta Sigma Omicron.

On February 21, 1913, the Hollins College Endowment Fund.

SOPHOMORE—SENIOR

On February 21st, Miss Senior, the eldest daughter of Hollins, was united in the loyal bonds of Class Spirit to Mr. Sophomore, a rising young classman. The Rev. (?) J. A. Turner performed the ceremony.

LADIES OF 1846 REAPPEAR

Great Mystery! Ladies of Valley Union Seminary reappear, to participate in Founder's Day Stunts. All Hollins startled by their lifelike appearance. Every one gives them a royal welcome and mourns their departure later in the evening.

passed, without a word, I advise you to pluck her from your heart, for I am convinced that she is false, fair and fickle.

3. My dear Miss Pastime—Is it proper to send my darling flowers every week? I have more filthy lucre than I know how to spend. Mr. McLaughlin will not sell me any candy, as he is trying to teach the Hollins girls economy.—"Flower Girl."

Answer—Among the most accomplished darling rushers it is considered extremely bad form to fail to send flowers less than three times a day. Fifty dollars per week the minimum amount to be spent. This custom is especially beloved by parents.

4. Dear Miss Pastime—How should I ask my darling for a date? Shall I write a note? If so, please give me the correct form.—"Truth-Seeker."

Answer—You should write her a note every half hour. The following is the most approved form:

My Most Adored One:
Will you condescend to waste your charms and beauty upon an humble worm who craves your presence like the burglar craves the cop. If your answer be favorable, wear a dandelion on your left sleeve, just above your elbow, at 2 P. X. tomorrow night. My heart beats only for you. Yours till Tinker Creeks.

THE HOLLINS TRIANGLE

ADAM'S EXPRESS	Thompson's Glove Fitting (Handkerchiefs)	Graham Crackers
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK	TAIT'S Flower Seed	Evan's Ale
BELL'S <small>PURE TAR AND HONEY</small>	Muse's Clothing Store	Henderson's Seed
BAKER'S CHOCOLATE	Stearne's Automobile	WEBER'S PIANOLA
BLACK CAT STOCKINGS	Wakefield Electric	WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap
CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA	SCOTT'S EMULSION	Ford's Automobile
Carter's Ink		WATT'S Steam Engine







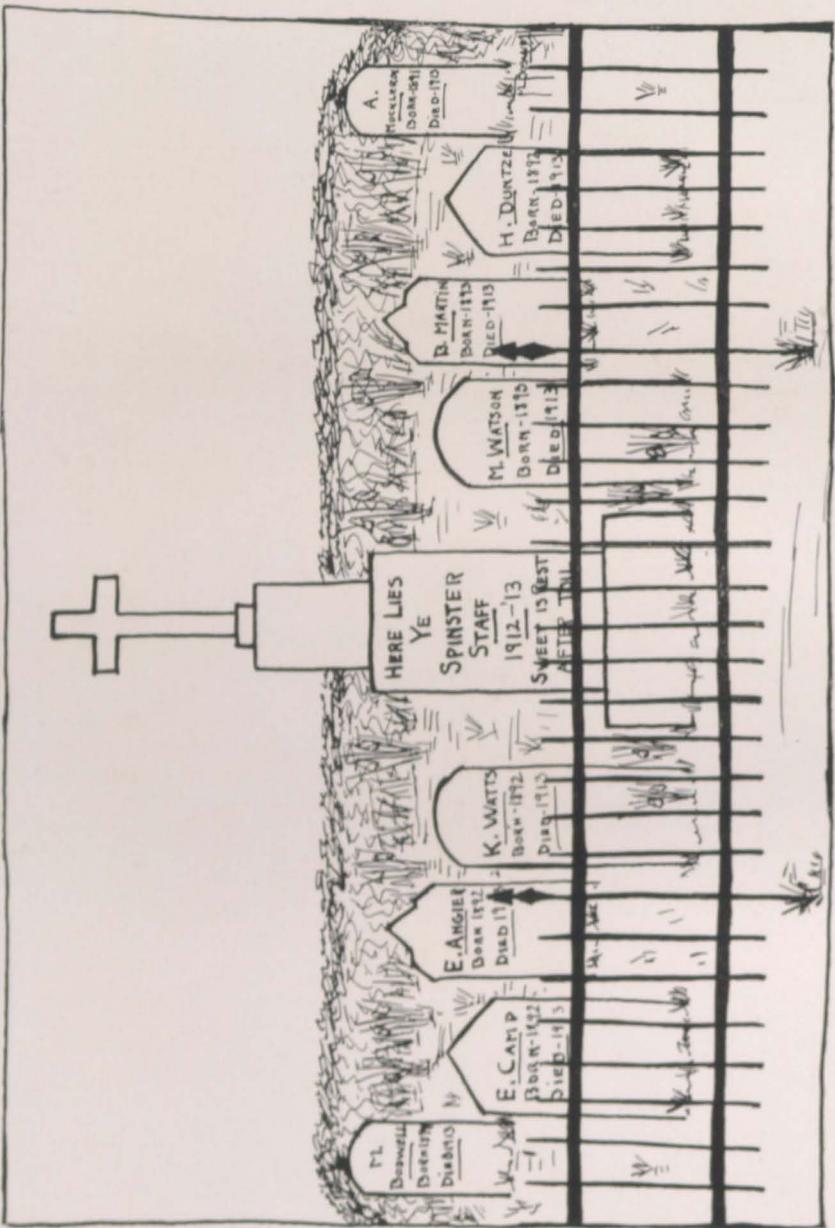
The Book is finished; slowly, regretfully
we let it pass from our hands, for the
years' work is over, and others come to
take our places. As we leave these Halls
of Hollins let it be that each can say, "I
have lifted up mine eyes unto the hills"

Spinster Staff From 1898

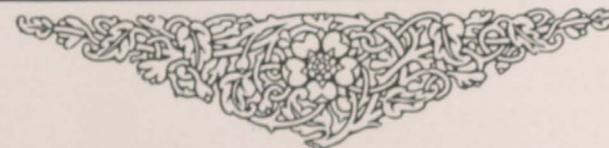
THE DATE OF PUBLICATION OF THE FIRST SPINSTER, TO 1913

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HOLLINS COLLEGE



—FOUNDED, 1842—

Location:

Mountains of Virginia. Seven miles north of Roanoke City.

Buildings:

Eight large brick buildings, equipped for 35 officers and teachers and 250 students.

Courses of Study:

- I. College Course—Four years with fourteen units entrance requirements.
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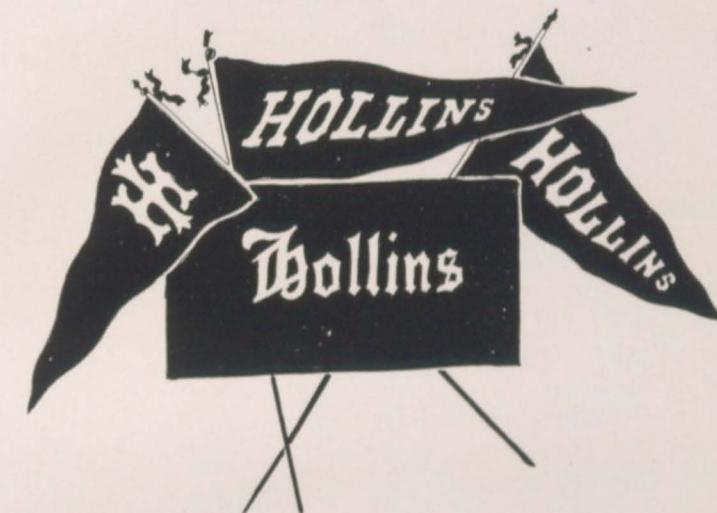
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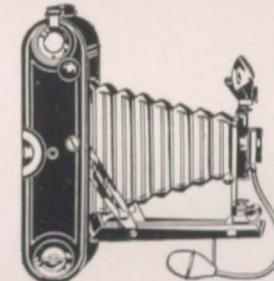
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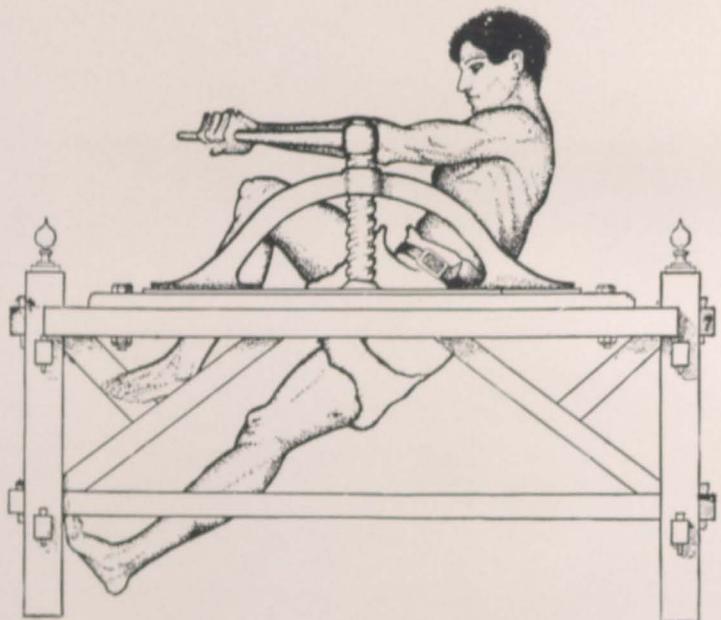
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